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Au Courant.

STATUES to musicians, to use a familiar expression, are in the air. It was only the other day that we recorded the unveiling of a monument to Mozart at Vienna, where the great master's bones lie in an unknown grave. Now it is the turn of Tartini, the famous violinist, to perpetuate whose fame a bronze statue has just been erected at Pirano, in Istria, where he was born in 1692.

AGAIN, the monument to Franz von Suppé will shortly be unveiled at Vienna. Suppé died only in May last year, while Liszt and Wagner died respectively ten and thirteen years ago, and are still unhonoured in this way. However, it is now proposed to erect a monument to Liszt at Weimar, which, of all places, is certainly the most appropriate for a thing of the kind. The statue to Jacob Stainer, the famous violin maker, who died in 1683, stands among the other suggestions of the kind.

FORTUNE seems to favour Madame Wagner in the matter of that lady's "rights." Some time ago the heirs of the late Victor Wilder brought an action against Madame to forbid the use of any other translation than that made by Wilder at performances of Wagner's works in France. The case has dragged on for some time, but the courts have at length decided in Madame Wagner's favour, and she will now be at liberty to insist on the use of the version by M. Ernst, which she prefers.

NOTHING need be said here as to the comparative merits of the two versions. But the decision of the courts must certainly press very hardly on the family of Wilder, who was a devoted Wagnerite, and who fondly hoped that in this copy-right he was bequeathing to his children a possession which would guarantee them against want. The judgment of the courts makes it of course entirely worthless. The case would seem to be one for Madame Wagner's charitable consideration; but unfortunately, from all that one hears, charity does not seem to form a part of that lady's composition.

ACCORDING to an old author, the tavern is the rendezvous, the exchange, the staple of good fellows. It need therefore give us no concern to announce that the old "Greyhound" Inn, near Hendon Church, which is now being pulled down, was once the resort of Sterndale Bennett, who used to refresh himself there after giving lessons in the neighbourhood.

It has been stated that Handel used also to drop in at the "Greyhound" after a summer ramble from Edgware, near which place he played the organ and met with the mythical "harmonious blacksmith." The "Greyhound" has been a popular hostelry for more than three centuries; but it will soon be as much a relic of the past as the "Boar's Head" in Eastcheap, where Dame Quickly used to entertain her guests.

LISZT was once visiting Ferdinand David, the violinist. A musical party having been arranged for the evening, David suggested trying a new composition with Liszt. "You will find the piano part," said he, as he touched the music with his bow, "very difficult." The friends of Liszt felt indignant at the arrogance of the remark, but Liszt himself said nothing. The piece began with a broad majestic movement; the piano part grew more and more brilliant. David's face changed expression, as though some important fact were dawning upon him, and finally he stopped playing altogether. "Why," he gasped, "he is playing the violin part too." Liszt continued, without noticing the mortified violinist, and with orchestral effect brought the piece to a magnificent close. It was a rebuke that David never forgot.

It is time that the Income Tax Commissioners were looking after the organ-grinder. The other day an Italian, rejoicing in the patronymic of Rocca Valdoni, was brought before the magistrates at Manchester charged with causing an annoyance by playing a street organ and assaulting a citizen who had asked him to desist. When given into custody, it was found that Rocca had the comfortable little sum of £37 in his possession, the result no doubt of exercising his profession. This is more than many a church organist makes out of his instrument in a twelvemonth. Why not give the handle a turn?

M. Isidore de Lara is determined to make a name as an operatic composer. He has written a new work, the libretto of which is founded upon a story of the French Revolution. It will be called *Moyna*, and is to be produced during the coming winter at Monte Carlo, where the composer has already had great success.

THE principal tenor part is, we are told, a very exciting one, and M. de Lara is fortunate in having secured the services of M. Van Dyck to interpret the part. M. Maurel will also

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appear. The vocalist who is to represent the heroine has not yet been named. There is a report that Madame Patti would not object to do so; but that requires confirmation. The famous *prima donna* is, however, known to have a favourable opinion of the music.

SPEAKING of Patti reminds one of a little incident, illustrating that lady's tender care of her voice. When Sir Morell Mackenzie a few years ago asked out of curiosity to examine her throat, Patti was very much frightened, and thought that something must be wrong. Eventually she was persuaded to consent to the experiment. Mackenzie made her open her mouth wide enough to swallow all the other *prime donne*, and asked her to ejaculate "oh" and "ah" in various keys and times.

At the end of the examination, he told her that she had the throat of a girl of twenty; that she would be able to sing without the slightest trace of failing power for another ten years; and at the end of that time, if she was still as particular with herself, she might prolong her career for ten years more, "for it all depends not so much on the voice as on the care you take of it." Now we understand why Patti always brings her own wine when she is invited out to dinner!

FRÄULEIN MARIE WIECK, sister of the late Clara Schumann, has just received from the Emperor of Germany the Hohenzollern Gold Medal for music. The lady was Wieck's second daughter, and since his death in 1873 she has carried on his work as a piano teacher in Dresden. The Wieck family were all talented musicians, and it is pleasing to note that a biography of them is now being prepared in Germany. There is, however, a little point in the statement of a contemporary that wants clearing up. We are told that Marie Wieck and Frau Bargiel, "the wife of the well-known composer," are the last surviving members of their family. Now, according to Riemann's Dictionary of Music, Bargiel's mother was Wieck's first wife. Who, then, is Bargiel's wife?

AFTER Eugen D'Albert's exaltation of Germany and Richter at the expense of this "land of fogs" it is interesting to hear what the eminent conductor thinks of us as a musical people. In a recent interview he says we have some remarkably fine singers, who produce their voices more naturally than do the Germans, who are inclined to force the tone. English singers, we are told, are much appreciated on the Continent, and their popularity will increase as time goes on. Madame Albani and Ben Davies are great favourites; and what could you desire better than Edward Lloyd?

BEING asked whether English composers obtain much of a hearing out of their own country, Richter replies unhesitatingly, Yes. "I often give their works in Vienna. Cowen's music is always well received. I introduced his Scandinavian Symphony on the Continent, and other composers—Mackenzie for example—are often in our programmes. I believe that in the future English musicians will occupy a prominent position on the Continent. You have no lack of good men here, and your audiences are splendid. I reckon my English audiences the most enthusiastic I ever had. They are quite my friends. I brought some members of my Vienna orchestra over here to the Birmingham Festival, and they were simply astounded at the enthusiasm of the people. We do

not have that in Germany or Austria." After this, the question of whether we are a musical nation will surely be allowed to rest—for a time.

IT was to be expected, when Wagner set the example of a four-night opera, that some one would want to write another that would break the record. The work is already finished, and Herr August Bungert is the man who thus tempts fame. The portentous affair is entitled *Homer's World*, and it takes six evenings to get through it! Happily Herr Bungert is not so cruel as he is long; for he has considerably arranged his work so that each of the six plays may be performed separately.

As we understand from the announcements, the *Iliad* occupies two evenings, and the *Odyssey* four, and the third of these four parts, *The Return of Odysseus*, is to be given at Dresden in the course of the autumn. It now remains for some one to write an opera that will take an entire season to perform.

THE Middlesborough Musical Union announces three subscription concerts for the coming season. At the first, *Elijah* will be given; at the second, Schumann's *Manfred* music; while for the third the Joachim-Piatti-Davies combination have been engaged. The committee, it may be noted, seek to tempt subscribers by printing the following on their prospectus:

Most of the pleasurable diversions have a tendency, when pursued with ardour, not only to relax in a proper degree, but totally to enervate. They indispose the mind for manly virtue, and introduce a tenderness of feeling ill-suited to encounter the usual asperities of common life. But music touches the soul, elevates and refines its nature, infuses the noblest thoughts, urges to the most animated action, calms the ruffled spirits, and eradicates every malignant propensity.

It all depends, we should say, on the kind of music, and the manner of its performance. But what are the "pleasurable diversions" that indispose the mind for "manly virtue?" And how do you relax "in a proper degree?"

WHAT may be called an "improper degree" has just been conferred by the Archbishop of Canterbury upon Mr. W. G. McNaught and Mr. D. J. Wood, the organist of Exeter Cathedral. Of course there is no objection on personal grounds to these gentlemen being dubbed Doctor of Music. Mr. McNaught especially deserves the honour—if it is an honour—for it is by sheer hard work that he has attained his present position in the musical world.

BUT the curious thing is that any one should think it an honour to receive a musical title from a functionary who has no more official connection with music than the Shah of Persia. These Lambeth degrees are stated to cost their recipients the sum of £60. It would be interesting to know what is done with the money. At the Universities one does get some value for his expenditure; at Lambeth—well, evidently some people believe that value can be got there too.

THE history of the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Festivals which has been prepared by Mr. R. H. Legge, in conjunction with Mr. W. E. Hansell, ought to be an interesting work. But surely it is not expedient to make an *édition de luxe* of



such a book. Musical people are not much given to book-buying under any circumstances, and to price the history of a musical festival at two guineas is as absurd as Mr. Ruskin's method of placing his books beyond the reach of the very class he wants to address. An excellent history of the Three Choirs' Festivals was published last year at six shillings, and that is quite enough to pay for any work of the kind.

* * *

ACCORDING to the Paris *Figaro*, Madame Rachel was paid £2,400 per year, Madame Mars £1,600, Mario £1,200, and Taglioni £1,440. Eight years ago the following artists received the following sums per month. M. Lassalle £400, Jean de Reszké £240, Edouard de Reszké £200, Mdle. Van Zandt £320, M. Maurel £320, and M. Plançon £80. These figures, of course, by no means represent the salaries paid to-day. In New York, for example, Jean de Reszké gets £250 a night, and a share of all receipts over £1,200. Even Yvette Guilbert, the famous singer of *chansonnettes*, is paid no less than £1,000 a month.

* * *

POOR Siegfried Wagner has once more been under the dissecting knife. This time it is an American who cuts; and thus frankly does he write:

When I was introduced to Siegfried Wagner, the son of Richard and the grandson of Liszt, I confess I was more than interested. He is spoken of as a talented left-handed conductor, and he may be seen haggling with a cabman over the fare. He is of a frugal bent, and believes in making the pocket money allowed him by mamma go as far as possible. The face, rather weak, insincere, sweet and interesting. His mouth is sunken, like Wagner's, and he has plenty of profile, but it is the profile of a refined rather than a strong character. He looks very much like Richard Wagner, but feminised. He is almost effeminate, and I admired not the little whiskers on his face. You can see he means well and is regarded in Bayreuth as a demigod. But he isn't. There is as yet much tin in his make-up and he goes on wheels all the time. Siegfried Wagner will never be more than a respectable mediocrity. Nature doesn't pour a second time into the same mould the stuff that makes a genius.

If this sort of criticism continues much longer, Siegfried will begin to wish that he had left his father's trade alone and stuck to his office.

* * *

A QUESTION of much delicacy and moment has been agitating the Torquay Corporation. Everybody knows that no watering-place can exist in these days without a band. Well, the Torquay Corporation in their enterprise have for some time past been paying an Italian band at the rate of £1,500 a year; but now the economists have discovered that it doesn't pay, and they want to cut down the number of players from nineteen to fifteen.

* * *

It appears that one day the band actually received thirty shillings for playing to eight people—a state of things hardly calculated to make the ratepayer smile. The band plays on the Corporation Pier, admission to which is a penny only, and a deficit of twenty-nine shillings and fourpence on a single day is a staggering fact for the most musical of aldermen.

* * *

WHEN Orpheus charmed Pluto into releasing Eurydice from death, he accomplished a record in the art of musical fascination. According to the *Daily Telegraph*, a barmaid in a well-known West End establishment has made a good second to the Thracian musician, for she daily whiles away her leisure

moments at the counter and entertains the patrons of the house by some excellent strumming on the harp.

* * *

SHE is said to have a delicate touch, a varied but not very classical *repertoire*, and a never-failing readiness to oblige with "another"—either in the shape of liquid refreshment or musical selection. We may presume that there is one song which is banned from the programme. It would hardly do for a barmaid to play "Drink to me only with thine eyes."

* * *

WE have never been able before to ascertain the whereabouts of the advertiser who wanted "a young man who fears the Lord, and carry a hundredweight." Now we suspect that he must have lived in the neighbourhood of Penge. In that remote suburb a dressmaker has revealed herself, who declined to make a garment for a young opera singer because she "did not think it right to work for a thing so much against her conscience." And yet we are told that the theatre is now patronized by the clergy, and that the old prejudice against the profession has entirely disappeared! Perhaps it has—although not in Penge.

* * *

A COMIC opera from the pen of a Scot would have quite upset the hereditary notions of the Rev. Sydney Smith. Yet the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music is about to give us such a work, which he has had on hand for some time, but has just completed during his holiday. The libretto is by Messrs. F. C. Burnand and R. C. Lehmann—no chance for Joseph this time—and the opera is promised for some time during the season. In what respect it will be "comic" remains to be seen. The humour of the Scot is rather of a "dry" kind, and there is no saying what an academic Scot may produce.

* * *

MR. GLADSTONE on music is certainly something of a novelty. The ex-Premier is strongly of opinion that the faculty for the art is much more general than is commonly supposed. There are very few people, he declares, who are wholly without musical faculty and feeling. If they are without it, it is because it has never been cultivated in them.

* * *

THOSE who talk about music being a gift talk nonsense. "I say if it is properly tended and properly brought out, it is a general gift in civilized countries, and even in barbarous countries; most certainly it is a gift that pervades the people of this country as far as nature's part is concerned." What a number of people there must be with their gifts in a napkin!

* * *

EVERYBODY knows that players on wind instruments have a tendency to get "dry" more frequently than other people; the salivary glands, as an authority on the subject puts it, become exhausted. But no one has yet decided the amount of thirst that the player of any particular instrument is entitled to allay; and when the case of a saxhorn player, charged with getting intoxicated, came up recently before a London magistrate, it was felt to be important enough for an adjournment. A cornet player, said the musician, is entitled by custom to a certain number of drinks; that being so, how many more should a saxhorn player be allowed? The momentous decision will no doubt be awaited with anxiety by all players of wind instruments.

An Evening at the Viennese "Tonkünstler-Verein."

—:0:—

BEFORE asking my readers to accompany me and spend the evening in the Tonkünstler-Verein, I will give some few particulars regarding this estimable institution. The aims and objects of the Verein are indeed very similar to those of our English "Societies of Musicians," viz., the bringing together of the local musicians for their mutual benefit, intercourse, and entertainment. I may be pardoned for a momentary digression to reflect on the want of anything like kindly sympathy existing between the majority of our leading musical stars in England and the lesser lights. I hold that this is very injurious to the progress of many of our younger aspirants.

I know that the names of the majority of our leading men appear on the membership list of this or that society, but there their interest ends. They appear to think that their greatness must remain enveloped in the veil of privacy. Thus obscured from the gaze of the vulgar they remain, descending perhaps as a great condescension on the occasion of an annual dinner or congress, where they sometimes bestow a recognition, or deign to smile on some of their struggling brothers in art. On the Continent, and probably most of all in Vienna, the bond existing between the disciples of *St. Cecilia* is a nobler and firmer one. I have found much less selfishness in the art generally; and in the case of the strong helping the weak, my experience is that undeniably there exists a sympathetic unity, such as we do not even dream of here. The results of this unity are, I maintain, evident alike in the lives of the greatest and of the least of the musicians in Germany.

The biographies and autobiographies of musicians demonstrate this, ay, and often forcibly.

It is just possible that our English ideas of social etiquette prevent this "one touch of nature" which might make the whole *Art* kin, and that the undoubted Bohemianism of our artistic brethren in Vienna has the tendency to cultivate this feeling. Whether this is the only reason or not I am unable to say, but I know that all my English friends who have lived in Germany or Austria long enough to know and understand the language and people have lost much of our Island selectness, and, taken in the manner of which I speak, greatly to their own advantage and enjoyment.

But I must now return to the subject of my paper, which is the Vienna Society of Musicians. The members are divided into two classes—*ordentliche Mitglieder* (ordinary members) and *ausserordentliche Mitglieder* (extraordinary members). The former are *professional musicians*, musical historians and writers, music publishers, and musical instrument makers; the latter are the wives or other members of the families of the *ordentliche Mitglieder*, who are not musicians, and therefore not eligible for membership in their own right. The Verein holds meetings every Monday; they are, of two kinds, viz., *Musik-abende* (music evenings), and *gemüthliche Abende* (social evenings) alternately. The members are notified previous to each meeting by a post-card, of which I here give a specimen. Friends may be introduced by applying for a card from the escretary beforehand. The subscription is a small one, and the concerts are of a very high class, as all the members are willing to do their share, and all the greatest artists touring in Vienna drop in and often perform; in any case they are

always made welcome. The post-card here reproduced is one taken at random from the usual evening programmes of the Verein, and will give an idea of the standard of work performed.

WIENER TONKÜNSTLER-VEREIN.

Montag, den 29. Januar, 1894.

MUSIK-ABEND.

PROGRAMM:

1. Couperin: Allemande für 2 Claviere; Rameau: Einzelne Stücke aus seinen Concerten. Die Herren Prosniz und Brüll.
2. Brüll: Lieder; Heuberger: Gieb einen Hauch mir. Herzensbeklemmung. Fräulein Margarethe Petersen.
3. Brahms, NEU: Clavierstücke aus Op. 118. Intermezzo A-moll und A-dur, Ballade, Romanze, Intermezzo Es-moll; aus Op. 119: Intermezzo C-dur, Rhapsodie. Herr Ign. Brüll.
4. Kjerulf: Norwegisches Lied; Lindblad: Schornsteinfeger; Grieg: Solviegs Lied. Fräulein Margarethe Petersen.

Anfang 8 Uhr.

Montag, den 5. Febr. findet kein Vereinsabend statt.—Montag, den 12. Febr.: Musikabend.

We have here the promise of an exceptional concert, for not only are the compositions highly interesting, but No. 3 being our respected President's latest composition, played by Herr Ignaz Brüll, while the Maestro sits attentively listening, gives us an opportunity of benefiting by that player's reading of these works. We shall now, however, make our way towards the place of meeting. We go to the well-known "Musikvereinsaal," and close by we enter a most unassuming doorway, leading up to a very unpretentious *Restauration*. This may seem a remarkable place for such a gathering, but we are indeed at our destination. Belonging to the *Restauration* is a large room, perhaps more rightly called a small hall. This hall is rented out for many and various purposes. Mondays it is the haunt of our Verein, other evenings it may serve for any purpose, from the noisy revelry and hoarse song of the students, or transformed and decorated for the gay frivolity and voluptuousness of the dance, to a gathering of scientists or doctors threshing out their differences, and expounding their theories over a bottle of wine. In all cases the liquids of "mine host" are not forgotten, and so all sorts and conditions of people have the use of this wonderful room.

To-night it is ours, so we pass through the small cloak-room, and find ourselves in the hall, looking a good deal like other halls of the same size might do. But glance carefully round; there *are* differences. The audience, now waiting for the concert to begin, is almost entirely composed of musicians. Notice them near the front: there is Brahms laughing and talking to Fuchs, E. Mandyeczewski, Conrad, and some half-dozen others. Note by the door that group of ladies are from the Opera House; they have come down, being disengaged at the opera this evening. There is Professor Eppstein with two of his pupils, all as gay as can be. Sitting here just in front of us is Popper on the left; his companion is Barth. They are giving some concerts here. That is Fischhof just shaking hands with Barth, and Gutmann and Rosenthal have just joined them. Those just coming in are Ondreschek, on the right Jenner, and the lady with them is Margarethe Petersen, who is

to sing this evening, that is *—Ah! the concert has just commenced, and all is instantaneously silent.

The audience is all attention, strained to take full advantage of the good things, yet able and willing to criticise, for a more critical audience could hardly be brought together, and it is no small honour to perform before an audience of this kind, for truly the approbation of such an audience would, if taken as a criterion of examination, prove, I fear, too much for many performers. I do not intend to follow the items of the programme: let us imagine the progress of the concert in the usual way. The listeners, who have been most æsthetically drinking in this nectar, rise, and a great change comes over all, the Babel of tongues recommences—discussions, opinions, introductions; in short, all that can take place amongst a large body of people is here. That is not all; there is a veritable transformation scene. Waiters have appeared from the *restauration*, the rows of chairs quickly disappear, and two long tables are added, and the appearance of the place has changed. The tone is now one of good fellowship; all are brothers in art. As if by magic this change has come about, and now all have seated themselves at the tables, where beer, wine, and coffee have already made an appearance. Some few eatables are promptly disposed of, amidst many exchanges of *bon-mots*, little private conversations and a general atmosphere of goodnatured wit and harmless merriment. Yes, friends, open your eyes. There before us is *the* "Bohemia" of which so many talk and so few understand. Cigars and cigarettes have been lighted, and there is an easy feeling, absolutely without affectation. One forgets the various grades of rank in the profession. See now there is Brahms speaking and joking with two youths, without any show of dignity other than the natural dignity of his age and genius. On all sides is good nature, and the ladies add a great deal of additional charm to the company. It may be that one of the greater members may feel disposed to give us some impromptu music—just on impulse, for at such a time and moment as I have tried to picture to you, the truth of the saying we so often hear regarding the Viennese "*Wein, Weib, Gesang*," would be very forcibly impressed on a foreigner, for at such a moment may be noted the vivacious constitution of the nation.

But now a motion of separation is made; partings must come at all places and in all circumstances, so we more or less regretfully make a move in the direction of the cloak-room. Whilst waiting for our coats, etc., a most amusing little incident occurred on this particular evening, which I must tell, although it is against myself.

One of the waiters came to the cloak-room, bringing a Pince-nez, which without hesitation he presented to our worthy President with the remark, "*Herr Doctor haben sein Pince-nez vergessen*" ("The Doctor forgot his glasses"). Brahms promptly took the proffered article, carefully examined it, then

* The names introduced are all of members or visitors I have met at the Verein. They are: Dr. Joh. Brahms, the president of the Verein; Robert Fuchs, professor of composition at the Conservatorium, and well known as a composer, brother of J. N. Fuchs, of the opera; E. Mandyczewski, well known in Vienna as a brilliant musician, successor to Manlick at the University; Prof. Eppstein, senior piano professor at the Conservatorium; Popper, the well-known cellist; Heinrich Barth, pianist, professor at the Hochschule, Berlin; R. Fischhof, professor of piano at the Conservatorium; Hugo Conrad, a writer of many excellent essays on musical subjects; Moriz Rosenthal, the eminent pianist; H. Gutmann, concert-agent in Vienna; Ondreschek, the eminent violinist; Jenner, pupil of Brahms, now conductor in North Germany, and grandson of our famous Jenner.

immediately held it up, saying, "*Zu verkaufen—wie viel?*" ("For sale—how much?") Some one started the bidding by offering 5 Kreuzers (about one penny). My readers will, I am sure, appreciate the feelings of a "Hero Worshipper" on hearing such an offer made for a Pince-nez, or anything belonging to Brahms. I promptly called 30 Kreuzers, which was followed by 35. Seeing that the others seemed inclined for slow bidding, I resolved to adopt the same tactics, although already fully determined on the ultimate possession of the treasure. So the auction proceeded 5 Kreuzers at a time, until it reached *one Gulden*, when my eagerness for the prize caused some good-natured banter, and I well remember hearing Professor Fischhof explaining in a kind of "side talk" to some of the others our admiration in England for Brahms, and having a sly hit at my propensity for "Hero Worship." This possibly had the result of convincing the others that I meant to hold out, for when the bidding reached one Gulden—60 Kreuzers—the prize fell to me. I was hugely proud of my "prize," and willingly handed over the money to the waiter (as Brahms requested I should do), who had been standing amazedly looking on at our strange auction. Having got my coat and hat, and carefully—very carefully—wrapped up and pocketed my treasure, I prepared to go with a few others. Just then our worthy treasurer (Herr Hugo Conrad) reappeared on the scene with "has any one seen my Pince-nez lying about?" A feeling which it would be difficult to describe came over me as I heard Brahms calmly say, "Oh yes; the waiter brought it out to me, and we had a nice little auction here." Of course I had now very little interest in the article which a few moments before I had coveted so much, and returned it to Herr Conrad, complaining at the way I had been taken in; but, as Brahms reminded me, he had not said it was his, and slyly suggested that if I had asked, he, of course, would have told me. This little incident, as may be supposed, caused a good deal of amusement at my expense. Herr Conrad some time afterwards gave me an autograph of Brahms to compensate for this.

After our meetings little parties involuntarily form themselves: some wend their way homewards; some make their way to one or other of the neighbouring "*cafés*," where the conviviality is combined, and a game of billiards, chess, or cards, forming thus a very pleasant conclusion to an extremely happy evening.

There is no doubt that evenings such as I have attempted to describe are justly calculated to do a great deal of good. All the performers are the best in the place, many of them world-famous; the atmosphere is musical; young talents can have their compositions performed before such an audience as I have mentioned, where artist, critic, publisher and concert-agent are all congregated, and where they meet on terms such as can be found in no other place, for the young vocalist and instrumentalist has golden opportunities thus laid before him.

Nor, again, be it supposed that the kindness and consideration of the great one breeds contempt or familiarity—not in any way. The kindness is given to help and encourage, and in most cases it stimulates to endeavour to be worthy the honour.

I hope, on another occasion, to invite my readers to accompany me to one of the *Gemüthliche Abende* of the Tonkünstler-Verein, when our enjoyment may be considerably increased by chatting with Brahms, learning his capacity for practical joking, and proving his warm-heartedness and good fellowship.

H. A. T.

❖ The Impressionist. ❖

—:o:—

DURING the silly season the subject of street noises continued to be discussed in many forms. Those musicians, however, who hope much from a certain "Bill for the regulation of Street Noises," will, I am afraid, scarcely get the relief they hope for; and yet to any one but a parliamentary bill promoter there would seem to be a simple enough solution of one phase at least—and that the worst—of the question.

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I refer, of course, to that arch-fiend in disguise, the manipulator of the piano-organ! Surely the remedy against piano-organs is simple enough. Let us insist on their being fitted with india-rubber tyres. It has to me often seemed more or less inconsistent that, while there is a law providing for the suppression of nuisances—in the form of offensive odours—which is applied with more or less severity, there is no similar Act for the suppression of corresponding "bad smells" in music; hence I always advocate that those who find enjoyment sniffing at sewer gases, or listening to piano-organs or bad German bands, should be made in the interests of those who are blessed—or cursed, I fear, under present conditions—with more delicate organs, to confine their enjoyments to their own premises.

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Those of my readers who are interested (to the extent of one shilling) in the lives of modern musicians, will find a capital article on Viennese musicians in *Harper's Magazine* for September. It contains several pictures, notably one of Johannes Brahms, though, judging of my recollections of Brahms' outward personality, it is scarcely his most recent presentment.

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Is it possible that the writer of "Facts, Rumours, and Tommy-rot" in the *Musical Times*, who is so fond of emulating little Jack Horner in picking out the plums from provincial music criticisms and printer-boys' mistakes—is it possible that he is himself capable of "nodding" occasionally? Surely not! And yet what means the reference to a Rubinstein piano barcarolle as Rubinstein's *only* piece of water music that appeared in the columns of the *D. T.* recently? If I mistake not, I can recall five such. But no! I must be mistaken.

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The piano news and piano performances during the last month have been practically *nil* as far as London is concerned. Mr. Frederick Dawson performed Beethoven's G major concerto at one of the promenade concerts, but I can scarcely truthfully say it particularly impressed me. Mr. Dawson is a pianist of the *prestissimo* school; he always seems to be afflicted with the modern craze of record-breaking; but I scarcely think it is fair to poor Beethoven to treat him as if he were a bicycle track, to be "got over" as quickly as possible. However, the work lost nothing in clearness, as Mr. Dawson's technique is very clean; so perhaps I have no right to complain. One thing nevertheless I feel perfectly justified in saying, and that is that the introduction of such a glaringly incongruous cadenza as that interpolated was an undoubted mistake. Exceedingly clever no doubt it was, but the utilization of all the modern developments of the Rubinstein-cum-Liszt technique only make

Beethoven's pianistic garbing of his ideas shabby in comparison. Mr. Dawson re-introduced the once universal custom of playing from music, a custom that is so rare nowadays, that it savours somewhat of a sensation. Personally, I have little sympathy with those who cannot or do not assimilate their part independent of the printed notes.

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Amongst the half-dozen pianists engaged for the coming Crystal Palace Concerts, Mdlle. Chaminade and Eugen D'Albert will exploit their own compositions. D'Albert has conquered us as a pianist, and now seems bent on conquering us as a composer. His works certainly justify him in attempting it. The other keyboard manipulators engaged are Mr. Mark Hambourg, Mdles. Kleeberg, Fanny Davies, and Muriel Elliot.

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There is talk of Anton Seidl's appearance here shortly with the conductor's *bâton*. This, of course, is not Seidl's first acquaintance with us, as a considerable portion of his youthful experience was gained here; only unfortunately he did not go away and abuse us afterwards, hence people are apt to forget his early efforts amongst us. The advent of Seidl, with our experience of Mottl, Levi, and the Colonne and Lamoreaux combinations, means that only *one* of the really famous continental conductors remains unrevealed to our amateurs. That one is Felix Weingärtner, the demon amongst the younger school. Never shall I forget his conception of Berlioz' "March to Execution," or the Mephisto movement from Liszt's *Faust* symphony. He is the Mephistofeles *par excellence* amongst conductors, though wanting in sensuousness and tenderness. He has recently published a work on conducting, bearing the title of Wagner's book on the same subject.

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Weingärtner has some rather severe things to say about Von Bülow, to whom nevertheless he admits his indebtedness, as, indeed, all conductors of the younger generation needs must. Even in his student days at the Leipzig Conservatorium Weingärtner had developed his critical faculties and expressed himself without reserve, hence his sojourn there was rather "rumbustious." I remember being told a curious little story anent Weingärtner. He wished to conduct a certain symphony of Beethoven by memory at a student's concert, but he failed to convince his professor (Herr Reinecke, I think) as to his ability to do so because he could not play it on the pianoforte! A test which is generally applied to nonplus the majority of conductors who are independent of the score.

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I recently heard as curious a story of "nerve" as ever I remember hearing. Really talented musicians are so often justly reproached with being "backward in coming forward" that the following may well tax the credulity of many of my readers, but they may rest assured that the facts are as I represent them. The hero of this particular incident is a well-known 'cellist and a player of undoubted talent and more or less of a Society Lion. We will call him, for the nonce, Mr. Starr. Quite recently our 'cellist commenced studying a Violoncello

Concerto, by a very modern composer, and taking it into his head that he would like to play the composition in public, wrote the composer to that effect. He received a note in return saying that the composer could not assist him to that end; but nowise daunted by such a damper on his resolve, he telegraphed back to say that he was coming down to play it to the composer if he would listen to it. A wire was received in reply from the composer that the journey would be useless. Nevertheless our cello friend, without any hesitation, packed his instrument and started for a personal interview with the composer. He bearded him in his own den, and after much persuasion induced the composer to listen to his playing of this concerto, which I believe he had studied for *one week* only. The composer listened, not unimpressed, and gave him—not the polite kick-out, oh no!—but the offer of a public engagement at a concert which he was shortly to conduct, a further fortnight in which to perfect his knowledge of the work, and a fairly substantial cheque in addition. The performance was brilliantly successful, but of course such was only a foregone conclusion with the man who had the courage to surmount such obstacles. And the composer was—well, without the least exaggeration, he is one of the foremost and greatest composers of the day.

While writing on this topic of nerve, push, assurance, call it what you will, I mind me of a curious incident anent a vocalist who has given recitals in London that have not been altogether unsuccessful. The scene was a certain German town, and our vocalist was a student at the local Conservatorium. He had undoubted talents in certain directions, though his performances smacked so much of the dilettante that one was apt to overlook such in the face of his imperfections. Unfortunately this gentleman was ambitious enough to wish to pose as a composer, the simplest road to which goal is to utilise other composers' work. Unfortunately he overlooked the fact that that which is unknown in England need not necessarily be unknown elsewhere, forgetting which his choice, unhappily for him, fell upon that sweet little piano piece, "Narcissus," by Ethelbert Nevin, a piece little known in England, but which enjoyed a great vogue in the composer's own country, America. The joke passed quietly round amongst the American colony in that little German town, and such society as was there smiled broadly when our would-be composer performed his little *morceau* at any of the mild tea and cake functions. The joke was too good to last, however, and was brought to a climax by a body of students whistling the melody to its would-be composer, and whilst the blush of modest gratification was still mantling on his cheek cruelly revealing its origin and the name of the true composer. I am afraid I must plead guilty to having been the instrument of that cruel revelation. *Pecavi!*

Those of my readers who are interested in the flute, or perform upon that often cruelly misused instrument, will do well to turn their attention to some compositions for flute and piano by a young composer hailing from Sydney, N.S.W., which will shortly issue from the press. The composer, Mr. Archie Fraser, is a brother of a well-known Australian amateur flautist, whose family is of Scotch extraction. He is an industrious and ambitious composer whose most prominent characteristics are perhaps a graceful and simple melodiousness, and an almost entire absence of that sometimes too

prevalent morbidezza of modern composers. Apart from the flute he has written considerably for orchestra (two symphonic poems, etc.), piano, violoncello and piano, songs, etc. He shows a marked tendency towards the modern school of Wagner-Liszt, etc., without thereby sacrificing his independence or marring his own individuality.

Is it not about time that we had a new edition of Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. It is surely a standing disgrace to us as a musical nation that the only work with any considerable pretensions to fulness and completeness of treatment should be in places fifteen or sixteen years old; but this, of course, refers only to the text. The opinions are in many places forty or fifty years out of date, besides which, the work wants thoroughly overhauling and a re-apportioning of space allotted to the different musicians according to their importance and influence on the general progress of the art.

When we find, for instance, close upon sixty pages devoted to a wearisome and only tolerably interesting life of Mendelssohn, and find that Chopin is allotted *barely* one page and a half, the mere statement is sufficient to damn the work as hopelessly antiquated and insufficient for proper enlightenment of a present day student of music. Again, what could be more ridiculous than allotting half a page to Grieg, one of the most original and distinguished of modern composers, when a composer with a decayed reputation, resting on one solitary work, such as Boito, is given nearly ten times as much space. Boito may have influenced music indirectly by his fine libretti, but neither that fact, nor his one completed opera, warrant such fulsome treatment in a work of this description.

Again, what earthly justification can there be for that series of ponderous tirades on "Schools of Composition," interesting though it be? The place for such is not in a work of reference, where facts are necessarily given the first place, opinions, however broad and enlightened, becoming very quickly old-fashioned, and, consequently, out of place, as, for instance, the laughable praise bestowed on that past master of shallowness and empty virtuosity, Thalberg, who, by the way, has more than twice the attention devoted to him than is given to Chopin in the article above referred to.

No one, to read the work through, would ever suspect for one minute that England possesses any musical life or activity outside of the metropolis of any importance, such is the metropolitan bias and one-sidedness with which every subject is regarded. In fact, to put it briefly, the work in its present condition cannot but be regarded as totally inadequate to the position it is supposed to fill, a position which Dr. Riemann's far more complete and better balanced work has far greater claim to. The last dates inserted in Grove's work are of 1888, and those inserted going to press on an extra sheet, a fact in itself sufficient to call for a new edition or a fresh work on similar lines, free from its pretensions and false position of superiority.

Eight and ten years behind date, in a work that ought to be completely up to the latest possible date—and which ought, in fact, to issue a yearly supplement—is a pretty bad stigma.

❧ The Promenade Concerts. ❧

MUSIC during the off season has been entirely represented by Mr. Robert Newman's series of Orchestral Concerts, in the Queen's Hall, under the conductorship of Mr. Henry J. Wood. A good plan, as far as it goes, has been the devoting of the first part of many of the programmes to the works of only one composer. Hence we have had Beethoven, Wagner, Schubert, Gounod, and other nights. That the attendance has been considered satisfactory is fairly evident when the enterprising manager announces an increase of the orchestral body to ninety performers, though it may be doubted if the wiser course were not to increase the efficiency of the orchestra by extra rehearsals rather than run the risk of making it unwieldy by the addition of more members. As it is, one wonders how conductor and orchestra can assimilate, as well as they succeed in doing, the vast quantity of varied music performed with only three rehearsals weekly. True, your promenade concert frequenters will often overlook crudities and roughnesses of performance that would drive a more cultivated audience to strong protest. In a certain sense, quantity and not quality is their motto. That Mr. Newman partly recognises this, is shown by the lengthy nature of the programmes submitted. Two hours of the highest and severest class of music, followed by an hour's performance of a lighter type, is enough to satiate any one who does not possess a very strong musical digestion. It has been suggested in many quarters that owing to the catholicity exhibited in the drawing up of the programmes, the concerts have a considerable educational value to music students. The truth of this assertion may be strongly doubted. Your music student will gain little by listening to performances of classical works given under the conditions necessary here if he pay only the necessary shilling for admittance, while the higher charges are generally beyond the real *bonâ fide* music student. No! If such concerts are to possess any educational value to the student of music as apart from the general public, it will only be when we adopt the system, recognised and practised abroad, of admitting students to such performances at reduced prices. This, of course, cannot be expected of any manager so long as he can draw a sufficient audience from the general public at the higher prices. Now, to come down to the general scheme itself, apart from any suppositions as to the educational value of the series emanating from certain journals.

Various rarely heard and interesting works are promised, or have been given up to the time of writing. Tschaiakowski's five and six symphonies, for instance, are promised, also some Spanish dances by Korsakoff (? Korsakoff); while such novelties as Mottl's orchestral version of Schubert's piano fantasia for four hands have been given. A long list of solo vocalists has been announced, and instrumental solos are given more or less frequently by various members of the orchestra, which is led by Mr. Arthur Payne. The opening Saturday evening programme contained such works as the March from *Faust* (Berlioz), the prelude to Act III. from Wagner's *Lohengrin*, Grieg's *Peer Gynt* suite, and some of Mr. German's *Dances*. Mr. Dunn played the Paganini concerto in D (or more correctly in E flat) rather roughly at times; various vocalists, of whom Mr. Ffrançon Davies stood quite apart—sang, and the

first flautist, Mr. Francella, contributed a solo. The one defect of the programme was the performance of a cornet quartet which could well have been spared.

The following Monday was devoted to Wagner, and included such items as the overture to *Tannhäuser* and the *Tristan* prelude and the more rarely heard overture to *Rienzi*. Mr. Watkin Mills sang Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers" magnificently, and the cornet quartet duly irritated the musical portion of the audience by a performance of the *Tannhäuser* march, after which, as a critic suggested, one may expect the *Eroica* for a piano and Jew's harp, or Isolde's death-song for two tea trays and an amoniaphone. Tuesday following was devoted to Sir Arthur Sullivan's compositions, and the following night to Mendelssohn, when the leader of the orchestra, Mr. Arthur Payne, gave with considerable finish two movements from the violin concerto.

Thursday (the 3rd) was an "off" night, the programme consisting, generally speaking, of lesser compositions, drawn mostly from French composers. Friday was devoted to Beethoven, with performances of the *King Stephen* and *Leonora* (No. 3) overtures, and a good, though somewhat rough, reading of the wonderful 5th symphony. Mr. Frederick Dawson gave a "lightning" performance of the G major concerto, and Madame Sviatlofsky sang a couple of songs with good voice and style, but lacking the necessary dramatic emphasis for such a song as the "Creation's Hymn." Mr. Watkin Mills gave a number from *Fidelio*.

Saturday was again a "popular" night, and as such does not call for detailed notice, unless it be to record a performance of the prelude to the *Meistersingers*.

Monday was again mainly devoted to Wagner, with numbers from the *Meistersingers*, including the quaint valse and "Das Rheingold." Mr. Ffrançon Davies, who bears the unmistakable stamp of an artist, gave a number from the *Fliegende Holländer*, and joined Miss Marie Duma in a splendid performance of a duet from the same work, the passion and intensity of which performance proved quite irresistible. Miss Duma also gave Elizabeth's prayer from *Tannhäuser*, a number which, although beautiful in itself, seems to leave one more or less cold when taken from its pathetic surroundings in the opera. The "Huldigung's March" closed the serious portion of the programme.

Following was an evening devoted entirely to Gounod, with popular selections from *Faust*, etc., and including that old favourite of promenade concert frequenters, "The Funeral March of a Marionette."

Following again was a programme devoted to Schubert, a thing with quite a flavour of novelty—perhaps I had better say a quasi-Schubert evening, as Mottl's orchestral rendering of the F minor Fantasia is scarcely Schubert, however interesting it may be. Mr. Ffrançon Davies gave the "Erl King," in which he seemed sadly hampered by the orchestra. In truth this magnificent song sounds far more effective with the pianoforte accompaniment only. Again, the lovely "Serenade," played on a cornet with orchestral accompaniment, is far from Schubert; neither is it particularly musical, though the solo part was remarkably well played, though it would

have been more acceptable if a little more subdued; but then the cornet player never lets his instrument hide its light under a bushel. Amends for all this was made by the performance of the great C major symphony, the slow movement alone from which is a perfect feast of loveliness. Miss Macdougall, a Scotch singer of Italian training, and who possesses a sweet and fresh voice, gave three of Schubert's songs, including the lovely little "Who is Sylvia?"

The following evening was again miscellaneous and popular, including an orchestral version of Chopin's A major polonaise.

Friday again brought an evening devoted to Beethoven with performances of the *Wiehe des Hauses* overture and the *Eroica* symphony. Mr. Arthur Payne gave a remarkably clear but rather dragging performance of the lovely "Romance."

Saturday, the 12th, was the first evening of the advertised increase of the orchestra, and the performances were rather rough in consequence; indeed the performance of the accompaniments to Mr. Francella's flute solo must be stigmatized as very bad, mistakes seeming to cause amusement to some of the members, although it was a brother artist performing. The want of rehearsals was self-evident.

Monday was again Wagner, but this time shared with Liszt, and again were the performances, or at least the first two or three numbers, very rough. The opening piece, the orchestral version of Liszt's 2nd Rhapsody—a piece fitted *par excellence* to show the virtuosity of an orchestra—was given without the least distinction, even the individual solo cadenzas—excepting the first one for clarionette—being given without *élan* or virtuosity, while parts of the "Venusburg" music sounded at times like steam escaping from an army of huge kettles.

Again in the accompaniments to Mr. Arthur Payne's playing of Wagner's "Dream," the first horn player might have confined his experiments with a brother horn player's instrument to a more fitting occasion, as the result was a somewhat distressing flatness of pitch. The finest effort of the evening was undoubtedly a capital reading of Liszt's lovely *Les Préludes* symphonic poem, while the lesser known and very rarely heard "Orpheus" was sufficiently interesting. The final performance was a vigorous interpretation of the *Walkürenritt*, though the excessive ambition of the manipulator of the cymbals and some of the "Brass" might have been checked with some considerable advantage to the total effect.

H. O.

Conductors and Conducting.

It does not always follow that because a man is able to compose beautiful works, or even, as in the case of Wagner, to be the founder of a new school of music—it does not follow that he should have the capacity also to direct the performance of a great composition in the best possible manner. Wagner, although extremely fond of conducting—perhaps we should say misconducting—an orchestra, had the good sense at the Bayreuth festival to resign the *bâton* to a musician who, unknown as a composer, had remarkable gifts as a conductor. When he came to London in 1877 for the festival at the Albert Hall, Dr. Hueffer truly said that his conducting "made the orchestra nervous, and the musicians greatly preferred Hans Richter to him." Yet Wagner, as we all know, wrote a treatise on conducting, just as if he had been an immense success in that department of the art!

Sometimes, of course, the composer does make a good conductor. Mendelssohn, for example, was tolerably successful in this way, combining the decision and personal influence of a great leader with the requisite knowledge. As soon as he had given the first beat his face lighted up, and the play of countenance was the best commentary on the piece. Often the spectator could anticipate from his face what was to come. The *fortes* and *crescendos* he accompanied with an energetic expression and the most forcible action; while the *pianos* and *decrecendos* he used to modulate with a motion of both hands, till they slowly sank to almost perfect silence. He glanced at the most distant performers, when they should strike in, and often designated the instant when they should pause, by a characteristic movement of the hand. He had no patience with performers who did not keep time. His wonderfully accurate ear made him detect the least deviation from the correct intonation in the very largest number of singers and players. He not only heard it, but could generally tell whence

it came. Once during a grand rehearsal, when there were about three hundred singers and over two hundred instruments, in the midst of the music he addressed a young lady who stood not far from him, and said to her in a kindly way, "F, not F sharp." But while extremely eager on behalf of the music, he was also thoroughly genial, and when inclined to be most exacting in the performance he rarely gave way to irritability. By throwing in all kinds of bright and merry words, he knew how to rouse the most indifferent and idle to the best they were capable of, and to keep the weary in good humour. Repeated and perverse carelessness would provoke him, but never to a coarse or harsh word; the farthest he went was a dash of sarcasm. "Gentlemen," he once said to a number of men who insisted on talking together after the signal to begin had been given, "I have no doubt that you have something very valuable to talk about, but I beg you to postpone it now; this is the place to sing." Especially kindly was he when he praised the singing of ladies. "Really," said he once, when a chorus went passably well at the first attempt, "really very good, for the first time exceeding good; but because it is the first time, let us try it once again." All prolonging of the tones beyond the time designated by the written notes he would not tolerate, not even at the close of the chorus. His readiness and skill enabled him to pull through almost any difficulty, and nothing was more remarkable than his faculty of instant consideration. At Birmingham, when his *Elijah* was produced in 1846, Handel's *Zadok the Priest* was down for performance. Almost at the last minute it was found that there was no music for the preceding Recitative printed in the word-book. The committee were in a fix, and then they suddenly thought that Mendelssohn might be able to help them. He was sitting in the vice-president's gallery, enjoying the performance, when the chairman of the orchestral committee went to him and

stated their difficulty. Mendelssohn at once proceeded to the ante-room, and in a few minutes composed a recitative for tenor solo, with accompaniment for strings and two trumpets. The parts were expeditiously copied out, and the whole recitative was performed at first sight by Mr. Locket, a quintet of strings, and the two trumpet players. The audience were entirely ignorant of the circumstance of this impromptu composition, and doubtless thought that they were listening to music by Handel.

As a conductor Beethoven suffered under the terrible trial of his deafness. He had to trust entirely to the music as written, and to guess from the action of the musicians whether the overture, symphony, or whatever it might be, was going correctly. Spohr's account of his conducting the first performance of his own Seventh Symphony is sufficiently interesting to bear quotation. "At this concert," he says, "I first saw Beethoven conduct. Often as I had heard of it, it surprised me extremely. He was accustomed to convey the marks of expression to the band by the most peculiar motions of his body. Thus at a *sforzando* he tore his arms, which were before crossed on his breast, violently apart. At a *piano* he crouched down, bending lower the softer the tone. At the *crescendo* he raised himself by degrees until at the *forte* he sprang up to his full height, and without knowing it would often at the same time shout aloud." Beethoven has left some directions of the same kind on record in the MS. of his setting of Goethe's *Meerestille und glückliche Fahrt*. It must indeed have been a sight to see Beethoven conduct.

Among modern French conductors the most remarkable was Berlioz. But it depended greatly upon the composer as to the success of the performance. When Berlioz was in sympathy with the composer, and the orchestra was thoroughly capable, the performance was something to remember for a lifetime. For example, in Beethoven's Symphonies Berlioz would appear to be inspired. Gounod was rarely completely successful as a conductor. Meyerbeer had by no means great gifts as a conductor; and as for Rossini, although he occupied the post of an operatic conductor for a considerable period, he was far too jovial and humorous a leader to impress his subordinates. With him a wrong note only served for a witticism, in which conductor and player joined; and although Rossini could, when he chose, write so finely for orchestra and chorus, his sympathies were chiefly given to the principal solo singers. A dreamer or an enthusiast is of course out of place in conducting an orchestra. Schumann frequently failed through forgetting himself in the music. Handel was a splendid conductor, having the secret of inspiring the singers with his own energy and enthusiasm, and also, in spite of his imperfect English, the tact to make them comprehend the effects he wished to be produced. Whether it was his usual custom to conduct from the harpsichord or to beat time with the *bâton* cannot now be determined with certainty. Popular opinion leads towards the former method; but, as Mr. Rockströ has pointed out, there is not wanting evidence on the other side. Handel took with him to Ireland an organist named Maclaine, who, we must suppose, presided at the instrument while the composer was otherwise engaged. It is true Handel sat at the harpsichord for the purpose of enriching the recitatives and airs with the harmonies indicated by the "continuo"; but if he did not "conduct" the choruses, how are we to understand Pope's well-known lines,—

Strong in new arms, lo ! giant Handel stands,
Like bold Briareus, with his hundred hands.

Surely this metaphor cannot be applied to an organist seated at his instrument. The employment of the *bâton* for the purpose of beating time dates from a much earlier epoch than is commonly supposed.

Bach conducted as a rule from the harpsichord and by its help. His son Emmanuel says: "In conducting he was very accurate, and in time, which he generally took at a very lively pace, he was always sure." The use of the harpsichord did not of course exclude an occasional beating of the time: the object of the instrument was only to keep the thing going, and quickly and imperceptibly to restore any defaulters to the right way. The plan of using the clavier as an instrument for direction proved itself so good that it remained in vogue down to our century,—for instance, in the performances of the Berlin Singakademie. It was also employed in purely instrumental works, and Haydn conducted his symphonies at Solomon's concerts in London from a harpsichord. But at that time, besides the harpsichord director, there was a special conductor as time-beater. In the performance of Haydn's *Creation*, which took place at Vienna, in 1808, Kreuzer sat at the harpsichord, and Salieri conducted the whole. In the year 1815, when Beethoven's *Christus* was given at the same place, Wranitzky conducted, and Umlauf was at the clavier. In the Berlin Singakademie, Zelter in his later years let one of his pupils play the harpsichord, while he himself only beat time.

England has never shone greatly in the matter of conducting, and even now we cannot boast of a really great orchestral director of native birth. The composer of *The Rose of Sharon* is a musician of the first order; but the most ardent admirer of Sir A. C. Mackenzie will hardly call him a great conductor, as compared with the giants who come to us from the Continent. He has not the same control over his forces as they have. Dr. Stanford has less, and lacks enthusiasm in addition. Coming to others amongst us, Mr. Henschel, who perhaps, with the single exception of Saint Saëns, is the most versatile musician now living, has a very confusing beat. Many of his players have said that it is almost impossible to follow his *bâton*. Manns has a clearly marked beat; and Sir Arthur Sullivan, from point of knowledge, is an excellent director. Richter's beat is the simplest of any of the conductors who appear in London, and his style is the broadest of all. Mottl is an impressionist: he likes to contrast effects of great light and shade; he is the most emotional and high strung of all who visit our shores. Levi is a man of detail. He looks for little melodic bits in every bar, and brings them into prominence. He almost ignores the massive effects of Mottl, and never once attains the breadth of Richter. Hence it is that every conductor throws a new light on the works of the great masters. Every time we hear the results of a great conductor's work, we notice some point in the composition being performed that had been passed over by others. A conductor has as much scope for his own individuality to show itself in directing a Beethoven Symphony as an actor has in a Shakespeare play.

In this connection it may be interesting to note that Herr Felix Weingärtner, who holds the post of conductor of the Berlin Court Opera, has issued recently a little book under the same title as Wagner's famous essay on conducting, first published in 1869. The work comes very opportunely at a time when, according to Herr Weingärtner, Germany is over-run with a race of conductors of exaggerated tendencies, whom he has, more or less aptly, dubbed with the title of "Temporubato-conductors." In Hans Richter, however, he recognises

"a straightforward, honest, and worthy spirit"; for Levi and Mottl he has nothing but commendation; and except as regards Siegfried Wagner he does not mention by name any of the living conductors against whom he inveighs. We have not ourselves seen Weingärtner's book, but from a notice of it in *The Musical Times* it would appear that the author has himself experienced some curious vagaries of conductors. He tells that at the beginning of the eighties he was present at a Gewandhaus concert, when the beginning of the C minor Symphony was so slovenly played that, in the first bar, he distinctly heard four G's instead of three. Another time it was the Eighth Symphony, the score of which he had learnt by heart, and was anxiously looking forward to hearing for the first time. This lovely work was played through in a slipshod manner, while the "Herr Kapellmeister," without any regard for dynamical or rhythmical modification, gracefully beat time with his feet. So disgusted was he that he left the room after the third movement and lost no opportunity of expressing his feelings. That a youth of eighteen should question the divine authority of the far-famed Gewandhaus was regarded as a breach of good manners. Soon afterwards, Bülow brought the Meiningen Orchestra to Leipzig, and displayed the same Symphony in a very different light. It was now generally admitted that the "impertinent Conservatorist" had, after all, not been so much in the wrong. In Hamburg he was present at a performance of the Fifth Symphony, when the conductor took the first four bars quite slowly, and doubled the melody of the strings with four drums tuned in unison with them! In a performance of Mendelssohn's *Hebrides* Overture, under the direction of a conductor from Breslau, he maintains that literally there was not one bar played in the same time as another. That he should have refrained from mentioning these arch-offenders by name seems unfair to the worthy and eminent conductors who have officiated in the places specified. Herr Weingärtner does not confine himself to speaking of the eccentricities of conductors, but has a good deal to say about the unpleasantness which the post of opera-conductor in Germany generally involves.

Nor is he silent as to the tricks which, Eulenspiegel-like, he has himself played off upon the public and critics. He amusingly relates that some ten years ago he and his friend, Alfred Reisenauer, had agreed to play Liszt's Symphonic Poem *Die Ideale* and his *Faust* Symphony, arranged for two pianofortes, at a concert of the Cassel Wagner Society. The committee begged that they would not introduce two compositions of the "horrible" Liszt, as this would drive the public away.

They stuck to their resolution, played both works, but announced *Die Ideale* as a "Fantasia for two pianofortes, by Franz Schubert (after the 'Unfinished' Symphony, the master's last work)," which naturally did not exist. It was most warmly received by the public, and was generally spoken of by the press as a "pearl of Schubertian melody." Only one of the critics discovered in it an element which was strange to and far-fetched for the lyrical Schubert. The *Faust* symphony, on the other hand, was roundly abused. While on tour in 1883 he played at Düsseldorf, as No. 5 on the programme, Beethoven's sonata, op. 109. By an accident copies of the programme of a previous concert which he had given in another place were distributed among the audience. Except as to No. 5, which figured in this as "Pianoforte pieces by Weingärtner," the two were identical. To his astonishment the next morning he read in a Düsseldorf paper: "Herr Weingärtner, of Vienna, scorned precaution, and for his *début* here played some new pianoforte pieces of his own, which certainly served to display his virtuosity, but beyond this were of no account. One may be a good executant, but at the same time an indifferent composer." The poor man, who did not know Beethoven's sonata, had evidently got hold of the wrong programme, and was thus led to speak of Beethoven as an indifferent composer. And yet we talk of the value of musical criticism!

Herr Weingärtner concludes his book with a series of aphorisms addressed to his brother conductors. He writes: "A conductor should, before all things, be *true* to the work he has to perform, to himself, and to his public. When he takes a score in his hands, he should not think: 'What can I make out of this work?' but 'What were its composer's intentions?' He should study it so thoroughly that during performance the score should only serve to assist his memory, and in no way become a fetter to his thoughts.

"If during the study of a work he has conceived a picture of it, he should reproduce this in its unity, not in fragments.

"He should always bear in mind that he is the most important, the most responsible person in the musical world. By means of good and tasteful performances he can educate the public and bring about a general refinement of artistic feeling; but bad performances, which only pander to his vanity, are worthless for the advancement of genuine art.

"To have performed a beautiful work in a beautiful manner should be his greatest triumph; the composer's authorised intention then becomes his own."





Our Round Table.



"SHOULD MUSICAL STUDENTS GO ABROAD FOR INSTRUCTION?"

DR. WILLIAM LEMARE, DR. HORTON ALLISON, DR. FERRIS TOZER, AND "A WELL-KNOWN VOCALIST."

Dr. Lemare is in favour of going abroad for experience.

"Should musical students go abroad for instruction?" Certainly not. In our academies are to be found professors of undoubted ability for the culture of the student. The high position they themselves have taken in the profession fully qualifies them to impart, both by example and precept, "instruction,"—to foster and develop talent, to unfold and bring forth the English artist.

But I do not think the student goes abroad for instruction. Of course in cases where the study is commenced abroad it is so; but when, after tuition in the home country, students are sent abroad, it is generally for the advantages gained by living in a more artistic or professional atmosphere. The very fact of living away from home surroundings; of having nothing else to do but give themselves up to the requirements of study during the day, and for recreation attending operatic performances, concerts, theatres, etc., in the evening; forming friendships with other students; in short, living in and cultivating a taste for professional life—all this it is that students go abroad for.

Whether the results of such influences come under the definition of "instruction," or whether it is advisable for musical students to experience them, is a matter of opinion. Such experience is not absolutely necessary, and some approach to "professional life" is made in cases, such as when the English student leaves a country home to study at one of our academies in London. But the surroundings are different. There is lacking that warm enthusiasm in both study and pleasure or recreation, that I am inclined to think that, from this point of view, musical students *should* go abroad—for experience.

* * * *

Dr. Allison does not think it is necessary to leave England.

At the present day as good music teaching can be had in England as in any country in the world; and although *perhaps* the very best English teacher charges a *little* more in England than the very best German teacher does in Germany (I don't say this is positively so), still, when the expenses of travelling there, and other expenses incidental to life abroad are considered, a musical education of the best kind is probably obtained here at less cost. I think that the most desirable thing for an English musician to do, if he wishes to succeed in his profession, is to take a diploma of one of our colleges, or, better still, the degree of Bachelor of Music if he can, which, of course, may be followed by that of Doctor of Music, if he can compose the required music.

* * * *

Dr. Ferris Tozer answers the question in the affirmative.

I am of opinion that the English musical student should spend part of his time in studying at some continental musical centre, such as Leipzig or Berlin. But the study there should supplement and not supplant the excellent training he may receive in England, either as a chorister boy in a cathedral, as assistant to an organist, or at one of the best schools of music in London, Manchester, etc. Further, I do not think the student should study abroad until he has arrived at an age at which the "national individuality," so to speak, stands in no danger of being annihilated by the slavish copy of the music of another country. Let the student be first developed in his own country, and then let him go abroad in order to enrich his national music by a careful study of the greatest musicians in the countries which produced them, just as a painter goes to Italy, and a

sculptor goes to Greece. We have examples of the advantage of this system of training in Sullivan, Mackenzie, Stanford, Dr. Vincent, Dr. G. J. Bennett, D'Albert, and others. It is by thinking of such examples that we arrive at the best answer to the question. The great advantage to be derived from study abroad seems to be in the fact that musical training in England, with the exception of that received in our cathedrals, is, comparatively speaking, of recent date, and that it is necessary for the student to get from abroad the "accumulated experience" of many generations of musical teachers, both for his own sake and for that of his pupils.

* * * *

A well-known vocalist, who prefers to remain anonymous, speaks plainly.

The question you put to me, "Should musical students go abroad for instruction?" is a serious one, and I should prefer, while appreciating the compliment you pay me, that my name should not appear in the discussion. You are, however, quite welcome to my answer to your question, provided that, if you think it worth including in your very interesting "Round Table" column, it is allowed to appear merely as the expression of opinion of a vocalist who has had experience of English and continental training.

Let me first of all slightly alter the question to suit my own circumstances. "Should *vocalists* go abroad for instruction?" To this my ready reply is, "Yes." I would not, for a moment, disparage the teaching which is to be obtained in England. There are, of course, qualified teachers of the vocal art in this country (few though they be); but as the education of a painter is admittedly incomplete until he has visited those countries which for generations have been the homes of his art, so the vocalist must seek that finish which is so necessary to real success abroad, where the best traditions prevail. I know that many very eminent professors and musicians are against me in this matter. With the laudable desire to extol their own country, they endeavour to make themselves and others believe that the tuition given in English schools is an equivalent for that which is to be had in foreign conservatoriums. But, if such is the case, how is it that young artists who have studied in the great London institutions go in such numbers—nay, are even sent by those very institutions themselves—to the conservatoriums abroad, or to foreign teachers? Let me mention one particular case in support of my position. A young lady, the pupil at first of a well-known and deservedly esteemed English master, and afterwards a student in one of the chief schools in this country, achieved a certain distinction as a vocalist. The fact that she had received the whole of her musical education in this country was too important to be lost sight of by the "patriots," and this young singer was everywhere held up as a living proof of the all-sufficiency of English training. Two or three years went by, and it began to be whispered that Miss — was not making that rapid advance which had been so confidently looked for, and of which her undoubted talents and endowments had given promise. Then came the sequel. An announcement was made that the gifted young vocalist had temporarily retired from the concert platform, and—*gone abroad to study*.

(To be continued.)

—❖— Mr. Augustus Barratt. —❖—

IN this age of "Illustrated Interviews" and general probing into everybody's private affairs, it is only right that the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC should add the name of Augustus Barratt to its already long and brilliant roll. We cannot expect to have a very varied account of a life from one who has as yet many years to live ere his majority will appear but a memory in the long past days, yet Mr. Barratt's works are so much out of the common, and contain promise of so much of real worth, that we cannot but benefit from a glance at his career, future hopes, and school of composition.

Born in Paisley, he was taught the rudiments of music, harmony, and counterpoint by his father, the organist of the cathedral. Going to the Royal College of Music, London, to study the piano and organ, he, at the advice of Sir Walter Parratt, placed himself under Dr. Parry to study composition. Hamish MacCunn had not long left the doctor's care, and so he was only too pleased to have another west of Scotland man for his pupil. That master and pupil thoroughly understood each other is very evident from the hearty way that Mr. Barratt speaks of Dr. Parry, if from nothing else. One day Barratt was told to write a number of variations on a theme. He returned a few days later with several written, but bringing also the unfinished score of a cantata or ballad for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra, entitled *Sir Patrick Spens*. This he had been at work upon for some time, and was strongly advised to finish. When finished, Dr. Parry showed it to Mr. Henschel, who was so taken with it that he handed it to Mr. Roy Paterson, of the well-known house of Messrs. Paterson, who at once accepted it for publication. Mr. Kirkhope's Choir, the finest body of singers north of the Tweed, produced the work at a concert given in Edinburgh during the season 1894-95. Although short—a commendable feature—it is a remarkably talented work. Such a work must have come red-hot from the composer's soul. He must have worked under a spell when writing it. Every bar bespeaks inspiration. That the fine old poem *did* cast an intoxicating glamour over the composer we know as a fact. That it may not prove to have been but "a flash in the pan" is the sincere desire of all those who have heard it.

Having gained a scholarship—through a little "Scherzo—op. 1"—Mr. Barratt studied with renewed vigour under Dr. Parry and latterly under Professor Stanford. His next published work was an "Album of Songs"—Paterson & Sons—of which a London literary and musical critic of high standing said to me, "They are splendid, specially the 'Arabic Serenade'—quite amongst the best things published in England this year."

What strikes one about Mr. Barratt's work is the originality of it, the almost entire absence of youthful errors, and, above all, the intense poetic fervour which pervades all he writes. He played to me a setting of one of Shakespeare's sonnets—simply a lovely bit of work, so musicianly and finished. Some would-be cynical reader may smile at the idea of calling anything by so young a man "finished," but I would remind that person that age has very little to do with it, as Mr. Barratt has more technical knowledge and artistic insight *now* than many men three times his age, who are looked up to as infallible, *will ever* have.

His last big work is *The Death of Cuthullin*, a dramatic cantata for soprano, tenor, and bass soli, chorus, and orchestra. That it is not up to the standard of *Sir Patrick Spens* I am willing to admit, but it is so much more ambitious, contains so many poetical ideas, and shows such unmistakable talent for instrumentation, that one is forced to say that it is an advance in the composer's artistic development.

The work was written under several disadvantages, the greatest being ill-health; but whatever its drawbacks are, I assert, without fear of contradiction, that the so-called criticism on the work when produced by Mr. Kirkhope's choir in Edinburgh, which appeared in the *Scotsman*, was extremely unfair. Such phrases as are wed to the words, "I saw a swan fly south" (page 57, v.s.), and to "'Tis hard to leave thee now" (page 99, v.s.), are worth cart-loads of illiterate drawing-room songs published and "boomed" every year.

One would have thought that the treatment accorded a certain composer some years ago by the press would have taught the musical public the true value of such notices; but it seems not. Even to-day, if a composer is bold enough to strike out upon a new line, he is made to suffer more than did his musical ancestors, for many of *their* innovations, at twenty years of age, are coolly pointed to as accepted truths! Doubtless Mr. Barratt could write "pot-boiling" music perfectly easily, and it would appear from the writings of some so-called critics that that is what he should do. Fortunately for art, he is content to devote himself to the less remunerative but higher branches of his muse; and although the reward may be longer of coming, yet it will be all the more worthy when it does come, as come it will.

The public place far more importance on what a daily paper says about a work than one would be inclined to think, with the unfortunate result that when a number of ignoramuses condemn a work, because it is too far removed from their circumscribed plane of vision, their judgment is accepted as final, and the composer's salvation despaired of.

So long as it is considered fashionable to look upon national melodies as vulgar, the younger Scottish men will suffer at the hands of the public. It is all very well to argue that music is international, and that the question as to whether a composer is "Jew or Greek" has little or nothing to do with his work. Granted; but let this sensible policy be extended to our own men, and do not condemn them for being British. Britain has been far too long the happy hunting-ground for second-rate continental musicians, let us give our own countrymen a trial now. The English school has Sullivan, Parry, Stanford, Stainer, Sawyer, Bridge, German, Corder, Cowen, Pitt, and others; and the Scotch, Mackenzie, MacCunn, Macbeth, More Smieton, Wallace, Drysdale, Barratt, and others, while a less-known, though thoroughly deserving group include, Madame Hopekirk, Francis Gibson, David Stephen, Alfred Moffat, L. H. Grant, and many more. Let these be encouraged to work, and lovers of music will be surprised at the quality of the work. Do not let us draw the line at articles "made in Germany," and forget to include the vagaries of the so-called "New School."

S. FRASER HARRIS.

❖❖❖ Brass Band Contests. ❖❖❖

A CHAT WITH A JUDGE.

HE sat in his tent, with a table well filled with papers and a closely marked score before him, while, outside, preparations were busily going forward for the great contest which had awakened so much interest and called together so many thousands of people.

He was just the man I had pictured—tall and stalwart, with a clever-looking, stern face; a man capable of weighing to a nicety the merits and capabilities of the various competitors, and whose decision no one would think it wise to question.

The tent which had been provided for the judge's accommodation was placed in convenient proximity to the stand on which the contesting bands were to perform, and it was here that our chat took place, interrupted by the frequent visits of a nimble-footed individual, evidently in charge of the commissariat, who filled the available corners with cigar boxes and soda-water syphons.

"This is not the sort of thing to pine for every day," remarked the judge, taking a glance at his papers.

I said that I supposed it was pretty trying work.

"Trying! I should think it is," he answered. "The piece chosen for the contest to-day takes about twenty minutes to play, and there are seven bands competing. So you see the whole thing cannot be got through in less than two hours and twenty minutes, without counting the waits. Fancy yourself shut up under this canvas all that time, with none too much light and a very limited supply of air, compelled to listen to every note of this precious piece played seven times through, without any cessation, except for the few minutes in which one band leaves and another takes up its position.

"You see," his judgship went on, "it is absolutely necessary that I should not know which band is on the stand (they draw lots for the order of playing), and before the contest begins the tent is securely fastened, to prevent the remarks made outside from reaching me. Sometimes it is almost impossible to avoid overhearing what the people say, and unless a man has the faculty of shutting one ear tightly and opening the other very wide he is not much good for this work."

"Is it not difficult to keep your attention closely fixed for so long a time?" I asked.

"That is simply a matter of endurance. Judges have been known to fall asleep in their tents during a competition, and I have heard that it is a common idea amongst bandsmen that the later in the day they play the smaller their chances are of winning the prize. As a fact, however, at the last contest I attended, I awarded first prize to the band which played last but one, and second prize to the one which played last."

"Why are competition pieces generally so lengthy?"

"They are, as a rule, composed or arranged for the purpose, and must contain a variety of movements—solos for different instruments, passages requiring various styles of treatment, and so on. To tell the truth, the bands which enter for these contests are often so equal in point of merit that it is only upon the merest matters of detail that the judge is able to base his decision.

"Amateurs? Oh, yes, all of them. Some of the best brass bands I have listened to are composed entirely of miners and

quarrymen. The conductors in many cases belong to the same class, and it is nothing short of marvellous how they arrive at such a state of proficiency. The most unexpected qualities—fine tone, clear phrasing, and delicate expression mark their playing, and if you want any proof of the existence of musical talent amongst the working classes of this country, you get it in these bands."

I enquired as to the success of brass band contests in other parts of the country, and was informed that they were invariably popular.

"English people love a brass band," explained the judge. "I think there is something about it which appeals to their military instincts. They are not always reliable critics, though, and it is no very uncommon experience for a judge in a competition like this to be told pretty plainly that his verdict is not the popular verdict."

"No, I have never met with a really hostile reception; but I recollect once when I announced the name of the winning band, it was received in dead silence, the cheers being reserved for band number two, to which the people had evidently, in their own minds, already awarded premier honours.

"Generally speaking, however, the best band is the favourite. Mere noise never goes down; but a well worked up *crescendo*, or a *pianissimo* passage smoothly and evenly played, is always sure to elicit a round of applause. A good 'attack,' and clear 'phrasing,' points which can only be properly appreciated by those who have some technical knowledge, often escape notice; and there are, of course, other matters, such as following the composer's directions, upon which only the judge, who has the score before him, can form an opinion."

"Do you consider these contests have a beneficial effect upon the bands engaged?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly they have," was the reply. "There is nothing like emulation to bring all that is best out of a man; and the careful, diligent practice which has to be undergone in the preparation of the selected piece cannot fail to have good results. Then you must not forget that each individual member is personally interested in the success of his band, so that his one continual endeavour will be to improve himself with the object of assisting in the achievement of that success. I knew one particular band (it is not here to-day) which had a very humble beginning, and was for some time quite content to go on as it began. It was known locally as 'Uncle's Band,' because report had it that some of the instruments came from that useful but much reviled establishment, the pawnshop. By-and-by one or two new instruments were wanted, and as funds were low, it was suggested that the band should enter for a contest which had been got up somewhere in the neighbourhood, in the hope of gaining the prize, a sum of money, not large, but sufficient for the purpose in hand. The idea was a fortunate one, for the result was not only success at the local competition, but at many other more important ones in various parts of the country since; and to-day there are few finer bands of its kind to be met with than that which two or three years ago went by the name of 'Uncle's Band.'"

I was just about to put another question, when a burly form appeared at the door of the tent, and a voice like thunder said,—

"Are you ready, sir? They are just going to draw for places, and my orders are to close the tent."

It was a policeman, and I judged from his demeanour that I had better retire.

I wished my friend the judge good-bye.

"Good bye," he answered with a resigned air.

As I left the tent, I turned and caught one more glimpse of him. He had divested himself of his coat, had tapped one of the syphons of soda-water, and was in the act of biting an end off a cigar.

Then the door was shut, and he was seen no more.

Mistaken Notions concerning Pianoforte Teachers and Teaching.

IN my last paper I dealt more particularly with notions concerning *teachers*; I have now a few words to say upon the second part of the subject.

The methods upon which pianoforte teaching generally is conducted are so stereotyped, that in raising objections to any of them I shall, in all probability, bring down upon myself a shower of condemnation. That "mistaken notions" exist, and form the basis of a great deal of the present-day instruction, I am, however, firmly convinced; and if proof be required of this, it is furnished by the results, totally inadequate to the means employed, of this instruction. It is unreasonable to suppose that all the would-be pianoforte players, to whose pitiable performances we are frequently compelled to listen, are entirely devoid of musical aptitude—that they are incapable of acquiring *some* proficiency in the art, to the study of which they, in a few cases at least, apply themselves so assiduously. It follows, therefore, that there is something wrong about the teaching.

So much has been said and written about "technique" during the past few years, that it is scarcely to be wondered at that the sole aim and object of pianoforte teaching to-day is the development of the fingers. "I tell you what it is," said Sir John Millais, "men think too much of the technique of art nowadays, and too little of the spirit. Technique is necessary, as being the painter's craft, and the finer it is the better; but it must not be allowed to swamp the spirit. The spirit is more important still." These words are as true of music as they are of painting. Although it is essential that the pianoforte student should acquire such powers of execution as will enable him or her to overcome mechanical difficulties, it should not be forgotten that the training of the hand must be accompanied by the cultivation of what is called "musical sensibility." Rapidity and mere technical skill do not constitute the paramount charm of music. The inner *meaning* of a piece has to be grasped and set forth that others may understand it; and in order to accomplish this, the higher faculties must be brought into play. Let those who maintain that pianoforte teaching should consist chiefly or entirely of technical development, ponder the remarks of Köhler on the subject. "We set up," says this writer in his *Clavierunterricht*, "the lifeless notes before our eyes. Not only have we to go through the mechanical labour of reading, we have to bring to bear all the power of our intellectual faculties, which must be concentrated on the music before us; we have to be quick to appreciate all the fine points, all the beauties of the work. It is our privilege to

interpret many a charm, which to the inexperienced or hasty player remains a mystery. A refined performer will have all his sympathies and his capabilities aroused by a good piece, physically as well as mentally. The intellectual and technical features of the piece will awaken a corresponding movement in the intellect and in the technical power of the performer, to give them life and expression. . . . There is, in a good piece, a *real life* like that of the performer, and it is absolutely necessary for an adequate interpretation of a master-work that the performer should possess high and varied qualities."

The system of "counting aloud," so generally advocated in primers, and largely insisted on by pianoforte teachers, must, in my opinion, be included in the list of "mistaken notions." After many years' experience with pupils of almost every grade, I unhesitatingly declare that this absurd system is not only unnecessary but inartistic and mischievous, and likely to lead to the most ludicrous results. An ear for time and rhythm is a faculty bestowed to a greater or less degree upon all (or shall I say *nearly all*?), and, like an ear for tune, needs careful and gradual cultivation. The ability to *count* as well as to *play* in correct time will depend entirely upon the development of this faculty. The individual whose sense of pulsation is sufficiently acute to enable him to count the beats of a measure correctly will be quite capable of playing the notes in that measure in perfect time. It is, of course, sometimes helpful, in an intricate passage, to count the beats aloud, but this should be done by the teacher rather than the pupil. Until the student can detect the lengthening or the shortening of a bar, the loss of a beat, or disturbance of the rhythm in any one else's performance as well as his own, without resorting to the mechanical process of counting aloud, he is not a timist even in the most elementary sense.

Concerning the choice of pupils' music many mistaken notions prevail, even among experienced teachers. The exclusive use of classical pieces may be mentioned as an instance. To say nothing of the disadvantage of confining the pupil's attention and limiting his knowledge to one particular style of music, it may be remarked that one of the missions of music is to contribute to social pleasure and enjoyment. In exercises and studies the young pianist will find material for technical purposes; his pieces should furnish agreeable means of putting his powers into practical use. The sonatas of Mozart and Beethoven, with all their beauty and grandeur, represent but one school in an art which of all arts is the most catholic. One of our most accomplished musical writers has

well said: "It would be a great mistake to think that lighter style of music must be of inferior quality with regard to artistic value, for just as the painter of small 'genre pictures' can exhibit his technical skill and superior gifts, and rival the larger productions of the painters of great historical or symbolic pictures, so can the composer of a short nocturne or ballad show his originality and taste, and exhibit his mastery

of handling a subject successfully, although it be smaller and less important than that requisite for a symphony."

To this I will only add that the teacher who sets his face against the compositions of modern writers, withholds from the majority of his fellow-creatures opportunities for the gratification and pleasant excitement which it is the mission of music to afford to all.

John Bacchus Dykes, M.A., Mus. Doc.

"It must be a great pleasure to you," said a friend one day to the late Cardinal Newman, "to know that you have written a hymn treasured wherever English people are to be found, and where they are not to be found." The speaker referred to the well-known hymn, "Lead, kindly light," which the author wrote at a very early age when becalmed in the Straits of Bonifacio. The Cardinal remained silent for a few moments and then replied, "Yes, deeply thankful, and more than thankful; but you see it is not the *hymn* but the *tune* that has gained the popularity. The tune is Dykes', and Dr. Dykes was a great master."

Though many years have passed away since the good Cardinal paid this genial tribute to the memory of the late Dr. Dykes, whose death occurred now more than twenty years ago, his name still holds a foremost place among musicians who have dedicated their compositions to the Church's service. Hymnody will last as long as the Church endures, and with it Dykes' tunes; for it is not possible to believe that his settings to "Jesu, lover of my soul," "Eternal Father, strong to save," "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord," "Ten thousand times ten thousand," "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," and many other hymns equally beautiful and appropriate, will ever be set aside.

And not by Church of England congregations alone is his name well remembered, for though he belonged to that section of the Church which is termed "high," he was no bigot, and wrote as freely, ungrudgingly, and cheerfully for Wesleyans, Baptists, Congregationalists, and, in fact, all denominations, as for his own Church. It may serve as a single instance of the benevolence he evinced towards those with whom he must necessarily have differed upon many points if we remember that his last composition, a setting for Miss Adelaide Procter's hymn, "The way is long and dreary," was written for the "Congregational Psalmist," and that he was even at work on a melody for Monsell's "When I had wandered from His fold," for the same hymnal, when his last illness overtook him. "Not only," says the editor of this collection, the Rev. Dr. Allon—"not only did he unreservedly offer for my use all his compositions over which he had retained any right of disposal, but with difficulty could he be prevailed upon to accept even the most modest pecuniary acknowledgment for them. He repeatedly returned amounts sent to him on the ground that he had already elsewhere received a sufficient consideration for them." That these generous actions should meet with the entire approval of the ultra-exclusive members of even his own Church was hardly to be looked for, and expostulations, open and frequent, followed as a natural consequence. To all those

who addressed him upon this subject, Dr. Dykes would reply with a quiet smile: "Every one should praise God with the best member that he has, and in the best music that can be got." Indeed it was a special delight to him to know that his compositions were sung in almost every chapel as well as every church in England, and that there was scarcely a Christian family, irrespective of sect, into whose home his tunes had not penetrated.

John Bacchus Dykes, born in Hull, March 10, 1823, was the son of William Henry Dykes, for many years manager of the principal bank in that town. Here his grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Dykes, LL.B., was incumbent of St. John's, a church of which he was himself the founder. At a very early age our composer developed a wonderful talent for music, which, though his father encouraged, was greatly deplored by his grandfather, who would frequently expostulate with him regarding the time he wasted over music. "What, John," he would say, "fiddling again?" and, shaking his head solemnly, would conclude his lecture with the gloomy foreboding that he didn't know what would come of it. When in 1849 Dykes was appointed to the minor canonry of Durham Cathedral, he did not forget these lectures, and in a letter to a member of his family wrote: "I wonder what my grandfather would have said could he have known 'what fiddling again' has done for me?"

When he was ten years old, John Dykes was appointed honorary organist to St. John's, and at that age would go through the entire service with wonderful precision and skill. A little later his voluntaries are said to have been "remarkable, and indicative of his original and precocious genius." The church of St. John is a large red brick building (in old Mr. Dykes' time surrounded by galleries and containing a huge "three-decker"), capable of seating an immense congregation, and the musical portion of the service was often difficult and elaborate. Dr. E. J. Hopkins, we know, played services at Westminster Abbey when he was but sixteen, greatly to the admiration of Mr. Turtle; but his achievements, honourable and remarkable as they undoubtedly were, are as nothing compared with those of a mere child, who, before his fingers can comfortably span an octave, or his feet reach the pedal-board, seats himself in the organ loft, calmly and quietly, prepared to accompany the singing of a large assembly.

At Hull John Dykes and his brothers went as day-pupils to Kingston College, then under the superintendence of Mr. H. R. Francis; but in 1840 his parents removed to Wakefield (a town which has since been credited with being the birthplace of our composer), and became a scholar at the West Riding

Proprietary School. The Rev. George Huntingdon, friend and companion of Dykes in his youth, gives the following description of the composer at the age of seventeen :—

"In stature he was a little over middle height, hair light brown, eyes blue and expressive, head intellectual and indicative of genius; he talked rapidly, as did all his family, had a merry laugh, with a keen appreciation of fun; he walked with a light and 'springy' step. Few men changed less till work and anxiety told upon him; in the best sense of the word the boy was father to the man."

As a completion to this portrait his daughter now adds: "His nature was bright, joyous, and sunny, and he had a power of making friends, inspiring ardent friendships. He was a most amusing and delightful companion, and one whom all loved and courted. His great charm was, however, his deep and most sincere religion. This seemed to be the hidden spring of all his outer life."

In 1843 John Dykes matriculated at St. Catherine's Hall, Cambridge, and was subsequently elected Yorkshire scholar of his college. Some time previous to his arrival at the University, a small musical society, which had been formed at Pershouse, and which, owing to the want of a few enthusiasts, had reached the very eve of dissolution, was revived through the exertions of the young St. Catherine scholar and his *confère*, Sir William Thomson, F.R.S., the well-known mathematician, and, under the name of "the Cambridge University Musical Society," became an important institution. Dykes' election as conductor was unanimous, and under his *bâton* the first concert took place on May-day, 1844. On this occasion one of Haydn's symphonies was performed, together with a programme of a miscellaneous character. The following account of this concert (we have selected that portion which more particularly concerns our subject) appeared in the Cambridge papers: "Then Mr. Dykes, who also presided at the piano during the evening, sang a pretty little ballad, which, we believe, was his own composition. Most deservedly was he encored, when he threw the whole room into fits of laughter by an imitation of John Parry in two of his humorous songs. The whole style of this gentleman's performance stamps him at once as a thorough musician."

But though Dykes was one of the best comic singers at the University, he was also one of the hardest readers. His musical talents, no less than his readiness to contribute to an innocent evening's amusement, brought him in frequent request at college parties, but he never permitted his reading to suffer in consequence. He is said never to have allowed a day to pass without carefully studying the Scriptures, "especially the psalms," says Mr. Huntingdon, "on the liturgical and rhythmical character of which he was no mean authority." The study of hymnody he indulged in to a considerable extent, indeed it was one of the "hobbies" of his youth; and we may rightly conjecture, I think, that this early appreciation of the songs of the Churches paved the way for the conception of those exquisite and appropriate tunes with which his name is now linked.

In January, 1847, John Dykes graduated with honours, his degree being that of a *senior optime*, and was appointed to the curacy of Malton, his vicar being the Rev. William Carter. Here he married the lady who survives him—Miss Susannah Kingston, daughter of the late Mr. James Kingston, of Malton.

This was Dykes' first and only curacy, for two years later he

became minor canon of Durham Cathedral, and subsequently precentor. In 1861, in recognition of his great services to church music, the Senate of the University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Music, and the following year he was presented with the living of St. Oswald's, Durham, which was worth £400 a year, with a population of about 7,000. Here he spent the remainder of his life, the closing years of which were much embittered by misunderstandings which arose between him and his bishop. Dr. Dykes' predecessor in this living unfortunately happened to have belonged to the Evangelical School of Theology, while the former, as before stated, was a high churchman. On the appointment of Dr. Dykes' curate, the Rev. William Mark Wray, to the living of Ovingham, Bishop Baring refused to license a new curate, named by the vicar, unless Dr. Dykes signed a declaration whereby he pledged himself to discontinue certain ritualistic practices obnoxious to his Diocese and the Low Church party of Durham.

This Dr. Dykes very properly refused to do, and for a period of two years performed the duties of his large parish single-handed. Of the many church services he had taught his flock to look for not one was omitted, while to the poor, the sick, and the dying, his visits were as scrupulously regular as heretofore. Such work, however, a constitution as delicate as Dr. Dykes' could not long stand; he was never a strong man, and when, in 1874, he wrote to the bishop, "I will endeavour to do the best I can until my health again breaks down," he foresaw what the end must be. During the summer of the following year his health entirely gave way, and, under the advice of his doctors, he was taken to Switzerland in the hope that the more invigorating climate might do what medical science was powerless to accomplish. But the rest he had so long and so sorely needed came too late; he grew rapidly worse, and it was at first feared that he would never recover sufficiently to attempt the homeward journey. Towards the closing days of autumn, however, a portion of his lost strength seemed to return, and, in compliance with his one great desire, he was taken to Ilkley, in Yorkshire, where he remained for some weeks, till the bitter winds and frosts of winter necessitated his removal to a warmer climate. At St. Leonard's-on-Sea it was hoped the softer and more genial air might yet prove efficacious, but it was not to be. When the days began to lengthen, and spring had almost dawned, he gradually faded, and on the 6th February, 1876, his gentle spirit passed quietly away. He lies buried in the churchyard of St. Oswald, almost within a stone's cast of the grand old cathedral he had loved so well, and for which he had done so much.

After his death a memorial fund was started—I believe by the proprietors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern"—for the purpose of providing for his widow and children, who had been left in very straitened circumstances. Dr. Dykes was a man of unbounded charity, and the claims of an extensive parish, together with the bringing up of a large family, had rendered any saving out of his annual income impossible. Many times he endeavoured to insure his life, but owing to the precarious state of his health he failed to obtain the necessary medical certificates. By his compositions he made little; indeed, for the majority of his contributions to our hymnals he received nothing. An appeal was therefore made to lovers of his hymn tunes in all parts of the world; it was nobly responded to, and, after expending a small sum upon the erection of a simple monument to the composer's memory in St. Oswald's church-

yard, the committee of the fund was enabled to invest £10,000 for the benefit of Mrs. Dykes and her children.

During a most interesting conversation which I had a short while since with Mr. Charles Bennett Kaye, late assistant-organist of Durham Cathedral, and composer of the Rothamsted Jubilee Anthem and other works, I have learned much that was new concerning the late Dr. Dykes. Mr. Kaye frequently played at St. Oswald's in days gone by, and his recollections of the genial-hearted pastor are all pleasant ones.

"He had a most wonderful capacity for work," Mr. Kaye remarked, "and the amount he would get through in a day was wonderful. I have often known him, at his own church, read, intone, preach, and also play the entire service. He was one of the strictest observers of Lenten fasts, and in consequence his health frequently gave way. He was the most charitable man I have ever known; he could no more turn a deaf ear to the appeals of poverty than he could say an unkind or harsh word of even those who were most prominent in his persecution.

"As a preacher Dr. Dykes was classical in style, and I never knew him introduce an anecdote or illustration. At the organ he was not remarkable as a fugue or sonata player, but he was a beautiful extemporiser, very fond of taking one of his themes (hymn-tunes) and working it out in a most masterly manner. When at the cathedral, he used to play for old Dr. W. Henshaw, Dr. Armes' predecessor. The 4th evening psalms and the 15th day psalms (should he be playing) were always looked for, because he had a knack or way of producing *thunder* in a most marvellous manner on the Father Schmidt's diapasons. Sir Gore Ouseley always stopped at Dykes' house when he visited Durham, and the two composers were bosom friends. The diapasons of the *old* organ were much admired by Ouseley, who frequently went into raptures over their beautiful tone. The front pipes of the organ were always cleaned with strong ale brewed at the college, which was considered much better than varnish.

"Dr. Dykes was also a most finished pianoforte player; he had long fingers and a big hand (and very long legs, his stride was tremendous). I've heard him play Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* beautifully, especially the Duetto No. 18.

"He and I once had a long talk about parish choirs; he approved of female voices, and said they helped in every way; he did not, however, like the idea of women (the 'new woman' had not been invented then) sitting in the chancel, but thought they might be accommodated just outside the choir steps. Dykes was a very smart conductor of choir festivals, and always wielded the *bâton* at those held in the cathedral.

"I remember during a full rehearsal (men and boys) in the music-room of the cloisters, one of the men choristers and old Dr. Henshaw (he was organist for forty-nine years eleven months) had a tremendous row about church music, not by any means an unusual event. Dr. Dykes, who was precentor at the time, was present, and old Henshaw stamped up and down the room raging, the chorister also maintaining his rights. Neither would give in, and at last Dr. Dykes spoke out and said: 'Now before you do anything rash, take a night to think it over; in the morning you may possibly view the matter in a different light.' Dykes was a firm believer in sleeping before blows or the law came into action, and next day Dr. Henshaw and the chorister met in the cloisters and shook hands. Henshaw was a violent-tempered man, and a great snuff-taker; no doubt

Dr. Dykes and the lay clerks joined him in an occasional pinch. Dykes, I know, took snuff, and as to Henshaw he used to keep his box open on the key-board while he was playing.

"When old Henshaw had no assistant, I have seen Dykes come to the boys' rehearsal before morning service, and begin practising with them the music for the day. Presently he would drift into something fresh—no doubt it was one of his own hymn-tunes running in his head—and the boys would remain quiescent and listen. I remember well his doing this with his tune to 'Hark, my soul, it is the Lord'; he would become intensely absorbed, and quite forgetful of the presence of others.

"When new boys were admitted into the choir after trial, he would take them into the minor canon's vestry and pray with them for half an hour; he was greatly beloved both by the men and boys.

"One of Dr. Dykes' curates, the Rev. Kemp (Father Kemp) as he was always called in Durham, was accustomed to burn incense at St. Oswald's until he was stopped by the bishop, and then he continued to do so in the vestry. These high church vagaries gave great offence to many members of the more evangelical party, and even Billy Marsh, the old organ blower at St. Oswald's, looked upon them with an unfavourable eye, and left the church. Some time after Father Kemp met Billy, and interrogated him as to the reason of his leaving. He explained that he had gone to play the organ at Father Platt's chapel (the head Roman Catholic Church of Durham), and added in a knowing way, 'I don't like *mock turtle*, I like real turtle.' I never heard of his returning to St. Oswald's."

Dr. Dykes invariably wrote his tunes to particular hymns, and very seldom liked having them put to other words. "A friend once asked him in my presence," says his nephew, Mr. N. D. Levett, "how he produced his compositions? and he replied that at times they flowed from his pen as easily as possible, while at other times he had to labour very hard to bring them into shape." Very often he wrote during a long journey, and some of his most enduring tunes were first scribbled in the railway train, or during a solitary ramble. His tune to Faber's hymn, "Hark! hark, my soul" (by no means one of his best, and which has been entirely superseded by Smart's more appropriate setting, "Pilgrims"), is said to have been written as he was ascending Skiddaw. From Mrs. Dykes I learn that nearly all the tunes her husband ever composed were first sung over by his children before being placed in the publisher's hands. On Sundays, after evening service, his juvenile critics would gather round the organ and sing, to their father's accompaniment, his latest compositions. Any hymn considered dull or uninteresting—and his youthful auditors gave their opinions with the frankness of children—was at once laid aside for future consideration, and, not infrequently, for re-writing. From another source I learn that it was Dr. Dykes' custom to offer up a short prayer before commencing a composition.

It cannot but be noticed that though our composer was extremely impartial as to whose hymns he set to music, he never wasted his powers on a weak or insipid subject. Many of his tunes have been taken by musical editors and applied to hymns other than those for which they were written, but in every case this was without the knowledge or consent of the composer. The editors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" frequently refuse the use of their copyright tunes for this very

reason, the justice of which cannot be denied. No composer of modern times more conscientiously studied the spirit and character of a hymn before attempting to set it to music than did Dr. Dykes, and surely in the result no one has succeeded better.

By his contributions to "Hymns Ancient and Modern" (the most popular work of its kind in the language, the annual sale of which exceeds a million copies), Dr. Dykes first became known as a composer. The story of how his compositions came to be submitted to the Editor of this Hymnal, Sir Henry Baker, is not without interest, and I therefore quote Mr. Levett's own words:—

"In the course of a conversation between Bishop Twells and my uncle, the Bishop remarked that he was looking out for tunes for the coming 'A. and M.' 'Well,' said Dykes, 'I have composed some tunes which might, perhaps, be found suitable.' He then played them over, and the Bishop undertook to show them to Sir Henry. Sir Henry was 'taken' with the tunes, and ever after Dr. Dykes was considered indispensable as a contributor to 'A. and M.' They wanted him to undertake the musical revision of the first edition, but he declined, having previously engaged to revise the music of Chope's 'Hymnal.'"

It must not be supposed, however, that Dr. Dykes wrote exclusively for "Hymns Ancient and Modern"; it is too often assumed by those who use this hymnal that our composer wrote for no other, while many compilers of biographical dictionaries confine themselves to that portion of Dr. Dykes' work to be found in "A. and M." If we remember that his compositions number more than three hundred (of which about fifty remain unpublished), and that of these some fifty-six are to be met with in the work referred to, we shall readily see that Dr. Dykes must have written for many other collections. If we go through the hymnals used in the London churches, we can readily ascertain for which of them Dr. Dykes composed tunes. The majority of the churches use one of the following books: "Hymns Ancient and Modern," "The Hymnal Companion," the *old* "S.P.C.K. Hymnal," or "Church Hymns." In the first—by far the most popular of the four—we find Dr. Dykes' name to fifty-six compositions, as before stated; in the second, Bishop Bickersteth's "Hymnal Companion," to twenty-five. The "S.P.C.K. Hymnal" contains no tunes specially written for it by Dr. Dykes, while in "Church Hymns" his contributions number twelve.

Next in popularity to "Church Hymns" comes the "Hymnary," used in seven places of worship, including the Masonic Chapel: for this collection Dykes wrote nothing. In three churches only is the "People's Hymnal" used; it contains four tunes specially written for it by Dr. Dykes, including a prose version of the Reproaches. These tunes are now out of print, so it is doubtful if they are sung in the churches using this hymnal: they are still preserved in MS., however. One church only is allowed for Thring's "Hymnal" (probably the finest collection we possess), for which no musical edition has yet been published, though Dr. Dykes wrote some tunes specially for it, which can be obtained at Novello's. To Darling's "Hymns for the Church of England" (used at St. Michael's, Paternoster Row, and St. Clement's, Eastcheap), Dr. Dykes contributed no tunes. The "Anglican Hymn Book," Lady Freke's "Song of Praise," Grey's "Hymnal," and Chope's "Congregational Hymn and Tune Book," appear to be used in none of the London churches; yet for the

"Anglican" our composer wrote four tunes, for Lady Freke eleven, for Mr. Grey twenty-one, and for Mr. Chope twenty-eight. In what provincial town are any of the above used for congregational purposes? Taking these four hymnals together, we find that the number of compositions contributed to them by Dr. Dykes number sixty-four, or eight more than those contained in "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

Then with regard to hymnals used in Dissenting churches and chapels. For Dr. Allon's "Congregational Psalmist" Dr. Dykes wrote two tunes, for Nisbet's "Church Praise" six, for Dr. Cook's "Congregational Church Music" seven. The single tunes he contributed to other hymnals are too numerous to mention individually.

The most popular of his tunes are those contained in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," for the probable reason that "Hymns Ancient and Modern" is the most popular hymnal. Many of his contributions, however, to the lesser-known books are equally beautiful, appropriate, and effective.

Dr. Dykes' second tune to Keble's evening hymn, seems to have had a somewhat inexplicable history. As far as I have been able to discover, this particular tune appears to have been written some time previous to his other well-known setting, "Keble," for the same hymn. It was given in MS. by the composer to a friend of the writer, and also to Mr. Charles Bennett Kaye, who was at the time assistant-organist of Durham Cathedral. The two MSS. have been collated, and appear identical: as given in some half-dozen hymnals, however, the tune differs both as regards harmony and key, and is a distinctly weaker composition in comparison to the original. Moreover, the authorship is variously ascribed to an "Anonymous" writer, and a "Composer Unknown"; while one ingenious editor informs us that the tune is "from a Greek air by Pelos." Were the composer still unknown, the internal evidence of the composition would leave little doubt as to the authorship, for the melody of the third line is the same as that of Dr. Dykes' well-known setting to Faber's Passion hymn, "O come and mourn with me awhile." I also learn from Mr. Levett that Dr. Dykes christened the tune neither "Calm" nor "All Souls" (under which name it appears in the hymnals), but "Ilkley," in memory of the Northern town he so much loved.

Dr. Dykes had a fondness for naming his tunes after places of which he had pleasant recollections; examples of these may be found in his "St. Bees," "Lindisfarne," "Ilkley," etc. His tune to Wesley's hymn, "Jesu, lover of my soul," was named Hollingside," after a little country place not far from the city of Durham, where he occasionally visited. His tune "St. Oswald," to Baring-Gould's translation of Ingemann's Danish hymn, "Through the night of doubt and sorrow," was, of course, called after his own church; while the setting to Harriet Auber's "Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed," received its name "St. Cuthbert," in memory of the patron saint of Durham Cathedral.

Besides his contributions to our hymnals, Dr. Dykes left behind some anthems, the most noted of which is, as my musical readers are probably well aware, "These are they which came out of great tribulation," for All Souls' Day. At Durham Cathedral this composition, in every respect grand and beautiful, is frequently sung on a Friday afternoon, when the students from the University and lovers of music generally, attend in large numbers.

But the work which contains Dykes' most sublime inspira-

tions still remains unpublished. This is his Burial Service; a setting finer even than Croft's, and which has been described by a well-known musical critic as being "the most devotional work that has ever been written for the English Church." The original MS. remains in the possession of Durham Cathedral—a treasured possession most jealously, and somewhat selfishly, guarded. At the composer's death it was not, unfortunately, performed; though, I believe, it was sung at Bishop Baring's obsequies. On the occasions of important funerals held in the Cathedral this service is rendered, but outside Durham it is practically unknown. I have been able

to discover no valid reason why this work—which thrills and moves its listeners to a remarkable degree—should be heard only in the place of its birth. Dr. Dykes was the last man to wish or desire that any composition of his should be enjoyed only by the few, and, on the other hand, it seems scarcely just to the deceased composer that his grandest theme should be thus consigned to comparative obscurity. Let us hope that the time be not far distant when Durham may see fit to share with the rest of the musical world this great work, the sole rights of which she has now held for more than twenty years.

FRANCIS ARTHUR JONES.



Our Music Supplement.



"SING ON!" (Walter Barnett.)

THIS little song, by a well-known contributor to the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, needs no particular comment. Do not sing it slowly; and try the effect of an *accelerando* at the words "Sing, sing on, sing on" in the last bar but two of each verse, followed by a pause (not too long) on the penultimate note.

"OLD MOTHER HUBBARD." (Walter Barnett.)

A clever setting of the old nursery rhyme, which may be sung either as a quartet, or double quartet, or as a chorus—preferably the former. The changes of *tempo*, and the various marks of light and shade, must be strictly attended to. This part-song will be especially acceptable just now, when arrangements are everywhere being made for the winter entertainments. If well sung, it will be safe to predict that this setting of the old story will be as popular with "grown-ups" as the original version has been with the juveniles from time immemorial.

GAVOTTE. (Walter Barnett.)

It is very clear, from the large number of pieces which are wrongly styled "Gavottes," that the correct form of this old French dance is not always understood, even by composers themselves. A characteristic of the Gavotte—originally "the dance of the Gavots or Gap-men, the inhabitants of the town of Gap, in the Hautes-Alpes"—is that it commences on the third beat of the bar, each part finishing with a minim which begins the last bar. Many writers may be named who do not always adhere to this rule, but the best models are invariably based upon the form laid down; and it may be questioned whether even in the works of Corelli, Bach, Handel, and others the name "Gavotte" is not often misapplied. A Gavotte should be bright and lively, but should on no account be played too fast, lest its distinctive character disappear. The specimen before us is of a distinctly modern type, and will find favour with young pianists. It is easy to play, and the rhythm throughout is well defined. When the melody is given to the left hand, the chords in the right must be very lightly played. In the B flat subject, the thirds in the left hand will require care. See that the notes sound exactly together.

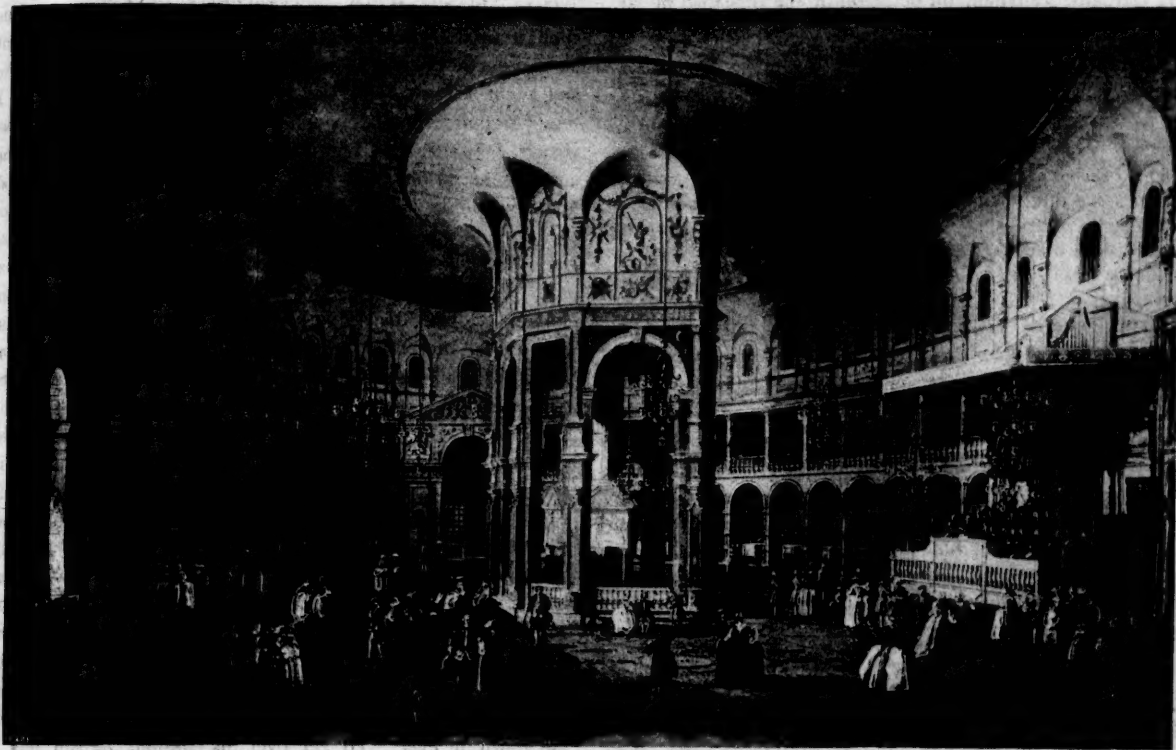
"MARTHA" VON FLOTOW. (Victor Felix.)

Violinists will appreciate the inclusion of this fantasia in our music supplement. A cheerful, "showy" piece, it makes no special demands upon the skill of the player, and will be found excellent practice for the various styles of bowing. A good *staccato* (not an easy thing to acquire on the violin) and a free wrist will be necessary in its performance. There is also plenty of scope for a large, full tone in the sustained passages; particularly in the *Piu Animato*, where the melody is chiefly given to the piano; and in the final *Larghetto* movement, in which the fourth string is freely employed. Plenty of spirit should be thrown into the last seven bars, which are intended to be taken at a very rapid pace, after a good *ritard.* in the foregoing bar. It would be worse than useless to attempt to offer suggestions for the fingering of this piece here. So much depends upon the capabilities of the player, that one's own master is the only person qualified to give advice in that matter.

"CHANSON RUSTIQUE." (Henry M. Turton.)

Here we have a bright little piece, very appropriately named. The composer had, I suspect, recollections of a rural scene, of country lads and lasses, of revels upon a village green. The artless rustic song alternates with the merry dance, in which the maidens with their swains trip merrily up and down. The whole piece is simplicity itself, but is admirably suggestive of pastoral life. Note how the monotonous drone bass gives a rustic character to the opening sentences. After the introductory chords, which should be given out boldly, play the following eight bars lightly and very evenly, without pedal. Let there be no attempt at "expression," so-called—no *crescendos* and *diminuendos*, which many players consider indispensable to a passage like this. Then, when the tune is repeated *mf*, and the pedal is introduced, be careful to play the bass as it is written. If the upper octave to the bass is added, the sustaining effect of the pedal will be bad. The *animato* in B minor, consisting chiefly of chromatic scale-passages—a kind of country-dance in decided contrast to the *Allegretto*—should be taken at a very brisk pace, the crotchets at the beginning of each phrase being strongly marked.





Some Old Concert Gardens.

—:o:—
VAUXHALL—RANELAGH—MARYLEBONE.

IN the fifth volume of his "English Minstrelsie," a work which Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh, continue to produce in a sumptuous manner, Mr. Baring-Gould recalls for us some interesting particulars about the old-time London concert gardens, and some of the singers who helped to make these now forgotten places popular. Open-air entertainments were given in London during the eighteenth century, at three celebrated gardens—Vauxhall, Ranelagh, and Marylebone. Vauxhall was the first of these places, both as to importance and date of founding. It was known originally and for some time as Spring Gardens, but from having once been the property of Jane, widow of John Vaux, it subsequently came to bear the name which has survived to our own day. The exact date when the grounds became a place of public entertainment cannot be stated, but it must have been soon after the Restoration. Aubrey tells us that Sir Samuel Moreland "built a fine room, anno 1667, the inside all of looking-glass, and fountains very pleasant to behold." Pepys, in his famous Diary, under date May 28, of this same year, mentions the gardens. He says: "Went by water to Fox Hall [*i.e.*, Vauxhall], and then walked in the Spring Gardens. A great deal of company; the weather and gardens pleasant, and cheap going thither; for a man may go to spend what he will or nothing at all—all is one. But to hear the nightingale and other birds, and here fiddles, and there a harp, and here a jew's harp, and there laughing, and there fine people walking is very diverting." In 1732, the

place came into possession of one Jonathan Tyers, who established musical entertainments on a superior scale to the "fiddles here and there a harp," which had pleased the people of Pepys' time.

Tyers got together a permanent band, built an orchestra, planted the place with trees, and adorned the upper recesses with paintings. Handel was flourishing in London at this time, and Tyers had a great deal of his music performed at the Gardens to large and select audiences, consisting of the highest personages in the land, who gladly paid over a guinea each for their tickets of admission. Here is one of the notices issued to the public by the master of the Gardens:

The entertainment will be opened at the end of April or the beginning of May, as the weather permits, and continue three months or longer, with the usual illuminations and bands of music, and several considerable additions and improvements to the organ. A thousand tickets only will be delivered out at 24s. each; the silver of every ticket to be worth 3d. to 6d., and to admit two persons every evening, Sundays excepted, during the season. Every person coming without a ticket to pay 1s. each time for admittance. No servant in livery to walk in the Gardens. All subscribers are warned not to permit their tickets to get into the hands of persons of bad repute, there being an absolute necessity to exclude all such.

It was at Vauxhall that Handel's so-called *Fireworks Music* was first rehearsed in 1749. The *General Advertiser* for Satur-

day, April 22, of that year reports that "yesterday there was the brightest and most numerous assembly ever known at the Spring Gardens, Vauxhall, on occasion of the rehearsal of Mr. Handel's music for the the Royal Fireworks." And the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the same month tell us that—

Friday, 21, was performed at Vauxhall Gardens, the rehearsal of the Music for the Fireworks, by a band of 100 musicians, to an audience of 12,000 persons (Tickets, 9s. 6d.). So great a resort, occasioned such a stoppage on London Bridge, that no carriage could pass for three hours. The footmen were so numerous as to obstruct the passage, so that a scuffle ensued, in which some gentlemen were wounded.

Nor must we forget the statue of Handel, which was for many years one of the features of Vauxhall Gardens. The designing of the figure had been committed to Roubiliac in 1739. After many private sittings, during which he struck out a portrait of Handel, the life-like truthfulness of which was universally recognised, the sculptor decided upon representing his brother artist in a sitting posture, playing upon a lyre with a boy at his feet taking down the notes. The statue, for which Roubiliac got £300, gave universal satisfaction, and, as Horace Walpole tells us, "fixed his fame." It remained at Vauxhall until the property was sold in 1818, when it was removed to the house of the Rev. Jonathan Tyers Barrett. In 1830, it was offered for sale, but bought in for £210. In 1833 Mr. Brown, a distinguished connoisseur, obtained possession of it for £215, and wishing to secure for it a permanent and honourable resting place, generously sold it to the Sacred Harmonic Society for a nominal fee of a hundred guineas, in June, 1854. When that admirable association was dissolved in 1882, the statue came into possession of Mr. Henry Littleton, of the firm of Novello, and, no doubt, it remains in the hands of his family.

Many contemporary accounts of Vauxhall Gardens have been preserved for us. A letter in *The Champion*, of August 5, 1742, for example, gives a graphic account of the place at that time. The writer had previously visited Ranelagh, and he proceeds to say :

I was now [at Vauxhall] introduced to a place of a very different kind from that I had visited the night before—vistas, woods, tents, buildings and company I had a glimpse of, but could discover none of them distinctly, for which reason I began to rejoice that we had not arrived sooner; when all in a moment, as if by magic, every object was made visible—I should rather say illustrious—by a thousand lights finely disposed, which were kindled at one and the same signal, and my ears and my eyes, head and heart, were captivated at once. Right before extended a large and regular vista. On my right hand I stepped into a delightful grove, wild, as if planted by the hand of nature, under the foliage of which, at equal distances, I found two similar tents of such a contrivance and form as a painter of genius and judgment would choose to adorn his landscape with. Further on, still on my right, an excellent statue of Handel appears in the action of playing upon a lyre, which is finely set off by various greens which form in miniature a sort of woody theatre. The grove itself is bounded on three sides, except at intervals made by the two vistas which lead to and from it, with a plain but handsome colonnade, divided into different departments to receive different companies, and distinguished and adorned with paintings which, though slight, are well fancied, and have a very good effect. In the middle centre of the grove, fronting a handsome banqueting-room, stands the orchestra (for music likewise here is the soul of the entertainment); and at some distance behind it a pavilion that beggars all description—I do not mean for the richness of the materials of which it is com-

posed, but for the nobleness of the design and the elegance of the decorations with which it is adorned.

Goldsmith, too, describes a visit which he paid to the Gardens about 1760. Having praised the singers and the very excellent band, he continues: "The satisfaction which I received the first night I went there was greater than my expectations; I went in company of several friends of both sexes, whose virtues I regard and judgments I esteem. The music, the entertainments, but particularly the singing, diffused that good humour among us which constitutes the true happiness of society." Some more detailed references to the music are given by W. J. Parke, who himself composed songs for Vauxhall. The band, he tells us, was led by the eccentric Tom Collett. Collett was lame in his left leg, and the waterman who carried his fiddle case from the barge to the gardens limped with his right leg. The waterman, encouraged by the good nature of Collett, assumed a kind of familiarity with him, and used to say to the leader, both limping along, "Ah! Master Collett, you and I have seen many *ups* and *downs* in life." Tyers, the proprietor of the Gardens, according to Parke, must have been something of a character. His temper was so extremely irritable, that when bad weather kept the public away, he would thump his hat and swear that if he had been a hatter men would have been made without heads! That he had plenty of obstinacy, too, the following fact will prove. His eldest son wishing to be married to a girl who had no fortune, the father, on being consulted on the subject, swore that if the union took place he would turn his back on the youth for ever. To get over his passion, the son went to the East Indies. On his return home, after shipwreck, he learnt that the object of his attachment had been married during his absence, and had become a widow, with a jointure of £800 a year. The intimacy was renewed; and conceiving that his father's objection was now removed, he informed him that it was his intention to make the widow his wife, on which the old gentleman exclaimed with great warmth: "As I refused my consent when the lady had not a shilling, if you marry her now she has got a fortune, I'll disinherit you." The son, however, married the lady, and the father kept his word, for he cut Mr. Jonathan Tyers, junior, off with a shilling.

Some men whose names are well known in the history of music were at various times at the head of musical affairs at Vauxhall. Dr. John Worgan, for example, enjoyed an immense popularity as organist at the Gardens and musical composer for the place. His brother James had been appointed to the post in 1737, but he resigned in 1751, and from that date on to 1774 John Worgan directed musical affairs. He seems to have been a remarkable performer on the organ. Handel said of him: "Mr. Worgan shall sit by me; he plays my music very well at Vauxhall"; and Battishill considered him a finer player than even Handel himself. The Rev. Richard Cecil, the musical clergyman who gave us that once-popular little anthem, "I will arise," and at whose chapel Worgan played for some time, was quite enthusiastic about him. "Admiration and feeling," he wrote, "are very distinct from each other. Some music and oratory enchant and astonish, but they speak not to the heart. I have been overwhelmed with Handel's music; the *Dettingen Te Deum* is perhaps the greatest composition in the world [Oh! Cecil!]; yet I never in my life heard Handel, but I could think of something else at the same time. There is a kind of music that will not allow this. Dr. Worgan has so touched the organ at St. John's that I have been turning

backward and forward over the Prayer-Book for the first lesson in Isaiah, and wondered that I could not find Isaiah there: the musician and the orator fall short of the full power of their science, if the hearer is left in possession of himself." Worgan has been widely credited with the composition of the fine old melody sung to the Easter Hymn, but as to this it need only be said that the tune was in print sixteen years before Worgan was born.

Worgan was succeeded at Vauxhall by James Hook, who was organist and composer to the Gardens for over forty years. James was the father of the more famous Theodore Hook, and he was himself a notorious punster. He composed some thousands of songs, catches, and other vocal pieces, and a large number of concertos and sonatas for the organ. He was one of the first organists who tried, though unsuccessfully, to make Sebastian Bach's organ music popular in this country. Owing no doubt to the novelty of the music, the manager of Vauxhall asked him to desist—a prohibition scarcely to be wondered at when we remember how inadequate was the instrument for the purpose. But the most excellent motive deserves to be put on record. Bach's compositions came not a moment before they were required, but his influence was slow in altering the character of English organ music. After Hook came a very superior melodist, Horn, with Blewitt, and Tom Cooke. In 1828 Blewitt, Cooke, and Hughes were the composers; in 1830 Bishop was placed at the head of the musical department, and continued in that position for three years. The musical performances in the orchestra generally began at six. At first they were wholly instrumental, and confined to sonatas and concertos. In time, however, songs were added to the programme; and later still, in 1775, these were diversified by catches and glees, which generally came in the middle and at the end of the sixteen pieces to which the entertainment was restricted. Before the introduction of glees and catches it was the practice to wind up with a duet or trio, accompanied by a chorus. A good deal of the music was trivial, but there was much also of a higher character, and the beautiful Shakespearian songs of Arne, "When daisies pied," and "Where the bee sucks," or "Water parted" from *Artaxerxes*, alternated occasionally with the more popular ditties which delighted the average listener. But the days of Vauxhall were numbered: Buggins the builder had his eye on the ground, and the old Gardens, once the scene of so much gaiety and pleasure, were sold about the middle of the present century.

The next garden in importance to Vauxhall was Ranelagh, situated on the bank of the Thames, east of Chelsea Hospital. The place was laid out about 1690 by Richard Jones, Viscount (afterwards Earl of) Ranelagh, who resided at the Gardens until his death in 1712. In 1733 the property was sold in lots, and eventually the house and part of the Gardens came into the hands of Lacy—the joint patentee of Drury Lane Theatre with Garrick—in 1742. There was now placed in the centre of the Gardens a Rotunda of enormous dimensions, around the inside circumference of which the audience promenaded, while the band played in the centre. The external diameter of this Rotunda was 185 feet, the internal 150. The entertainments given at Ranelagh consisted of music, instrumental and vocal, and upon particular occasions fireworks were discharged. The price of admission in the evening was half a crown, and this included tea and coffee; during the day it was a shilling. Horace Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann in 1742, says: "There is a vast amphitheatre finely gilt,

painted and illuminated, into which everybody that lives, eating, drinking, staring, or crowding, is admitted for twelvecence. The building and disposition of the Gardens cost £16,000." Two years later he writes: "Every night constantly I go to Ranelagh, which has totally beat Vauxhall. Nobody goes anywhere else; everybody goes there. My Lord Chesterfield is so fond of it that he says he has ordered all his letters to be directed thither." And again, some four years afterwards, he tells us: "Ranelagh is so crowded, that in going there t'other night in a string of coaches, we had a stop of six-and-thirty minutes." In 1751 morning concerts were given here twice a week, Signora Frasi and John Beard being the singers. In 1755 a pastoral, the music by Dr. Arne, was produced, Beard and Miss Young being the singers; and on Beard's benefit night Handel's *L'Allegro* was introduced.

Another place of resort for music and general entertainment was the Marylebone, or Marybone Gardens. These were formed towards the close of the seventeenth century, and for many years there was no charge for admission. As they became fashionable a shilling was demanded as entrance money, for which also refreshments were supplied. In 1738 Daniel Gough, the proprietor, erected an orchestra, and engaged a band "from the opera and both theatres," which performed from 6 to 10. About this time Handel used to frequent the Gardens a good deal, and his music, as well as that of Arne, was often heard from the orchestra there. One evening, as the Rev. J. Fountayne, an enthusiastic amateur, and the composer were walking together in the grounds, a new piece was struck up by the orchestra. "Come, Mr. Fountayne," said Handel, "let us sit down and listen to this piece; I want to know your opinion of it." Down they sat, and after some time the old parson, turning to his companion, said, "It is not worth listening to; it is very poor stuff." "You are right, Mr. Fountayne," said Handel, "it is very poor stuff. I thought so myself when I had finished it." The old gentleman was about to apologise when Handel assured him there was no necessity—that the opinion given was as correct as it was honest.

In 1751 John Trussler became proprietor of Marylebone, and Miss Trussler made cakes which seem to have done a good deal for the popularity of the Gardens. In the *Daily Advertiser* for May 6, 1759, we find the following announcement: "Mr. Trussler's daughter begs leave to inform the nobility and gentry that she intends to make fruit-tarts during the fruit season, and hopes to give equal satisfaction as with the rich cakes and almond cheese-cakes. The fruit will always be fresh-gathered, having great quantities in the garden, and none but loaf-sugar used, and the finest Epping butter. Tarts of a twelve-penny size will be made every day from one to three o'clock. New and rich seed and plum cakes are sent to any part of the town." Let us hope the cakes of Miss Trussler were duly appreciated by the "nobility and gentry."

In 1763 Marylebone passed into the hands of Thomas Lowe, the popular tenor singer, and the notorious Ann Catley was one of the vocalists engaged. Lowe was unsuccessful, and in 1769 he had to assign his interest in the place to trustees for behoof of his creditors. Dr. Arnold then became proprietor, but he was no more successful than his predecessor, and in 1771 he retired a poorer man than ever. His pecuniary loss, however, was well counterbalanced by the happy acquisition of an excellent wife; it was while engaged at the Gardens that he made the acquaintance of Miss Napier,

whom he married. Marylebone was closed in 1778, and the site was soon after disposed of in building lots.

All these places of entertainment were opened usually in May, occasionally earlier, and the singers, who had appeared in ballad operas during the winter, migrated from the theatre to one or other of the Gardens. Only the Haymarket was kept open as a summer theatre. Vauxhall, Marylebone, and Ranelagh performed a good work in the popularisation of English song. When Tyers proposed the introduction of vocal music at Vauxhall (there was, as we have seen, none at first) and

made a handsome offer to Lowe, Beard, and the leading vocalists of the day, the latter were disposed to refuse, so strange did the suggestion of singing in the open air appear to them, and it was some time before they could be persuaded to venture on the experiment. It was precisely singing in the open air, and singing before a moving crowd, that drove the performers to be natural and simple in their style: what execution was possible and popular in the theatre was impracticable and would have been ridiculous at Vauxhall. But these old-time singers must be left for treatment on another occasion.

The Worcester Festival.

VERY little space need be given up to the Worcester Festival, for in truth it was one of the least successful meetings of its kind that the town has ever seen. In the first and second parts of Bach's so-called *Christmas Oratorio*, which headed the programme on the Wednesday morning, the singing of the chorus, to put it mildly, was far from perfect, and this state of matters formed practically the key-note to the whole Festival. Misfortune also overtook the chorus in Goetz's beautiful setting of the 137th Psalm, "By the waters of Babylon," the tenors being in one part of the work deplorably and persistently flat.

Concerning the secular concert in the evening, at the Public Hall, hardly anything need be said. Nothing new was brought forward, and nobody thinks nowadays of dealing with festival performances of such familiar works as Wagner's *Meistersinger* Overture; Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody in E, No. 5; Rubinstein's Ballet Airs from *Feramos*; Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; and Sir Arthur Sullivan's incidental music to *Henry VIII*.

On the same evening the new electric organ, erected for the cathedral—but not yet quite finished—by the Hope-Jones Organ Company, was displayed by Mr. Hope-Jones, the enthusiastic amateur, who seems to be outstripping all the professional organ-builders, both in the matter of tone and mechanism. Quoting from the published description, the player will sit before portable manuals, four in number, and pedal board, connected with the organ by a single flexible cable $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. in diameter. There are no draw-stops, but on the lower edge of the desk a row of small ivory levers, called stop-keys, which may be utilized in either direction by the finger. More important in a strictly artistic sense is the invention of a "double touch" for three of the manuals, by which expression may be obtained, somewhat as in the pianoforte. The wind is supplied by an iron blowing machine, driven by an alter-

nating-current electric motor. The air is drawn from the cathedral, and stored in a portion of the crypt until required; no bellows, in the ordinary sense of the term, being used. There are thirteen stops on the pedals (including a "gravissima" of 64 ft. tone, the lower octave being resultant), fifteen on the great organ, the same number on the swell, ten on the choir, and six on the solo organ. The stop names are novel to a considerable extent, and the accessories are so multifarious that an executant, however capable, used only to organs of ordinary specification, could not possibly gain due effects from Mr. Hope-Jones' extraordinary instrument without previous acquaintance with its resources.

Probably the best performance of the week was that of Verdi's *Manzoni Requiem*, on the Thursday morning. This work was received with much interest when it was given, under the composer's direction, at the Albert Hall, in 1875. Manzoni was one of Italy's poets and patriots, and this *Requiem* of Verdi's was composed for the anniversary of his death, which took place in 1873. As a critic has truly remarked, "no more impressive musical version of the Roman Catholic service for the dead has ever been written," and the effect of the sensuous, dramatic music in the cathedral was stupendous. The choir and orchestra this time did splendidly, and nothing was to be regretted but the faulty intonation of Madame Albani, and the unfortunate choice of Miss Anna Williams for the mezzo-soprano part, for which her voice is naturally ill-suited. Schumann's "Rhenish" Symphony in E flat followed Verdi's work, and the concert closed with Mr. Hugh Blair's Church cantata for Advent, "Blessed are they who watch," a devotional and expressive little composition written for soprano, solo, and chorus.

Elijah was given on Thursday evening, and *The Messiah* on Friday morning. Regarding these, what can or need be said?

Stanzas for Music.

IN THE DUSK OF THE DAWN.

IN the dusk of the dawn I awoke
And my thoughts, like my dreams, were of thee,
Whilst I whispered the words that you spoke
When we parted last night by the sea.
You would meet me, you said, once again,
And once more to my voice you would list;
You would come when the sun leaves the main
And the meadows are white with the mist.

When the moon her dominion commands
And the stars come to gaze on her throne,
You will steal o'er the dunes to the sands,
Where I'll wait for my queen all alone.

52, Bede Street, Leicester.

You will come when the shadows arise,
As on wings, from their eyrie afar;
You will come with the glow in thine eyes
Which shall gladden the night like a star.
Oh the joy I shall feel when we meet
I will hoard in my heart the day long,
And I'll breathe it in music so sweet,
All the world will delight in my song.

When the moon her dominion commands,
And the stars come to gaze on her throne,
You will steal o'er the dunes to the sands,
Where I'll wait for my queen all alone.

ALFRED BRANT.

Burns from a Musical Point of View.

PERHAPS we have heard more than enough about Burns over the recent Centenary celebrations. The present article, however, touches a side of the poet's character that has not been referred to at all. It was one of his letters to George Thomson that first led the writer of these lines to look at Burns from the musical point of view. That the musician who would reach the hearts of his listeners by the practical exposition of his art must have something of the soul of poetry in his nature is a truth which experience has pretty generally enforced. But does the converse hold good? Is it necessary that the poet have something of the feeling of the musician in order to awaken a sympathetic chord in the hearts of the people? Again, experience,—so far, at least, as relates to the case of the song-writer,—seems to declare in favour of this view. Look at Byron, to cite only one instance of the kind. He had absolutely no ear for music—had not even a liking for the art; and so probably it was that he produced nothing that has taken a place in the popular song literature of his country. The same is true, though not quite to the same extent, of Scott. On the other hand, take the case of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who, as early as fourteen, evinced a strong love for music. We are told how he managed to save five shillings for the purchase of a fiddle, with which he ever afterwards solaced himself during his leisure hours. We shall not be so bold as to say that Hogg owes his position as a Scottish song-writer—a position next to that of Burns himself—entirely to his love for music, and his own attempts towards its performance; but undoubtedly both did a great deal to secure him that position. We are perfectly well aware that the argument would break down in several instances, but the examples in its favour are sufficiently numerous to allow of its being put forward as a general principle.

In the case of Burns the matter is plain enough. He has explicitly told us that he laid it down as a rule from his earliest efforts at song-writing to "hum" some old melody over and over again till he caught the inspiration, so that the words came spontaneously. He never sat down to the composition of a lyric without first "crooning" the melody to himself, in order to kindle his emotion and regulate the rhythm of his verse; and when on a stray occasion the words are faulty, we may be pretty safe in concluding that he had not quite mastered the air. Very often he sought extraneous aid to help him in this way. Sometimes he would get an old woman to sing over the tune to him; sometimes his own wife would sing it aloud to him by the fireside; and sometimes, as we shall see, he may have scraped it on a fiddle for himself. When in Nithsdale it was his custom, after composing his songs, to call upon the wife of a mason, who had an extensive acquaintance with, and could sing, the old airs charmingly, and ask her to go over the new verses to the tune which had inspired them. Very often he would stop her in the middle of the singing, when he found any word harsh or grating on his ear, and would at once substitute one more melodious and pleasing.

Burns would certainly never have sung so well as he did had he not surrounded himself with this atmosphere of melody—if he had not from boyhood studied the old tunes, and crooned them over till they became a part almost of his very existence. But let us not forget that there was something more than the old songs and airs. There was the inward feeling for melody born in the poet's heart, which received into itself the whole body of national song; and then, when it had passed through his soul, sent it forth ennobled and glorified by his own genius.

Burns' tastes in music were pretty much those of Sir Walter Scott. The latter had no more "ear" for music than "Elia" himself; and in his Autobiography he tells us of how he had yielded to his mother's desire that he "should at least learn psalmody," but had at last to abandon the lessons owing to his musical incapacity having driven his teacher to despair. In his diary we find this entry: "My little nieces gave us some pretty music. I do not

know and cannot utter a note of music, and complicated harmonies seem to me a battle of confused, though pleasing sounds." Such, in effect, is the declaration of Burns in a letter written to George Thomson in 1793. "You know," he says, "that my pretensions to musical taste are merely a few of nature's instincts, untaught and untutored by art. For this reason many musical compositions, particularly where much of the merit lies in counterpoint, however they may transport and ravish the ears of your connoisseurs, affect my simple lug (ear) no otherwise than merely a melodious din. On the other hand, by way of amends, I am delighted with many little melodies which the learned musician despises as silly and insipid." Again, writing to the same correspondent, he says: "Not to compare small things with great, my taste in music is like the mighty Frederick of Prussia's taste in painting. We are told that he frequently admired what the connoisseurs decried, and always without any hypocrisy confessed his admiration."

Was it these declarations which led Moore to assert dogmatically that "Burns was wholly unskilled in music"? It does not matter much, because Moore was entirely wrong. As a matter of fact, Burns had both an ear for music and a knowledge of the art. There is evidence that he even tried his hand at musical composition. In his first Common-Place Book, referring to two fragments written when he was twenty-four, he records that he "set about composing an air in the old Scotch style." He continues: "I am not musical scholar enough to prick down my tune properly, so it can never see the light, but these were the verses I composed to suit it." He then quotes the three stanzas beginning, "O, raging fortune's withering blast," and adds, "The tune consisted of three parts, so that the above verses just went through the whole air." It is a great pity that this tune was not "pricked" down and preserved. It would have been a musical curiosity, for the lines written for it are assuredly the most unskilful the poet ever attempted to compose for a melody.

But perhaps the most interesting thing about Burns' musical accomplishments is the fact that he played the violin in an amateur kind of way. In a letter of 1790, written to Charles Sharpe, of Hoddam, he says: "I am a fiddler and a poet, and you, I am told, play an exquisite violin, and have a standard taste in the *Belles Lettres*. The other day a brother 'catgut' (fiddler) gave me a charming Scottish air of your composition. If I was pleased with the tune, I was in raptures with the title you have given it, and, taking up the idea, I have spun it into three stanzas enclosed." Here is a distinct avowal of the fact that Burns was a fiddler; yet this curious passage seems to have been altogether ignored by the poet's biographers. Moreover, it is corroborated by Mrs. Begg, the poet's sister, who declared that he played a good deal on the violin, although he was "no great proficient." Burns seems to have taken up the fiddle first in the summer of 1781, and to have continued its practice more or less systematically for a twelve-month. Mrs. Begg's statement was that "he used to play in summer when they took shelter from the rain; and in winter he used to rise early in the mornings and play away for the amusement of those in bed." It is to be feared that those in bed were not altogether appreciative, for Mrs. Begg adds, "So that could not be borne for ever, and speedily came to an end."

The poet, according to his sister, could read music quite readily, and he did not uniformly play by ear, but had often copies before him. He showed a decided preference for slow and pathetic airs, but he was also fond of lively Strathspey tunes. The greater is always apt to absorb the less, but we must not forget the immense debt that is owing to Burns for recovering many old neglected airs, and uniting them to appropriate words in order to prevent their being lost. His chief work in this way was done for Johnson's *Musical Museum*. To that publication he contributed no fewer than 228 songs, and for it also he collected more than fifty old melodies, most of which, but for their preservation then, would almost certainly have perished. That, too, is something which one who looks at Burns from a musical point of view can never cease to be grateful for. J. C. H.



Our Contemporaries.



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MR. J. S. SHEDLOCK has been burrowing in the British Museum, and has resuscitated, on behalf of the *Musical Record*, an old manuscript volume written by a certain Mr. Prencourt, for whose name one may search the musical dictionaries in vain. It seems that this forgotten "master of music" was sent for in 1685 to undertake the musical arrangement of James II.'s "Popish service" at Whitehall. Prencourt, as we learn, had a weakness common to many church musicians. He could not bear to play any compositions except his own. He was expected to bring music with him from abroad, but he gave assurance that he needed none, for "his magazine of music was in his invention, and should answer any demands." Moreover, he was "full of boast, as that he could teach any one in a month, and in six months to play as well as himself." Sad to say, he took his fees in advance, and then "left the learner under grievous disappointment." Prencourt appears to have been an excellent performer on the harpsichord, "although for gracing he could not command the right hand trill with the two middle fingers." He was more fortunate than some modern pianists, for he seems always to have "left his audience satisfied and pleased." The writer of the *Record's* article on the Bayreuth Festival was charmed with nothing so much as with the delicious change from the heat and dust and worry of London in July to the cool freshness and clear air, the calmness and cleanliness, of Bayreuth in August. Covent Garden, as he puts it, lies in the heart of our abominable great city; the deafening roar of vehicular traffic and the clamour of many tongues is for ever about it; the police station—that final and conclusive token of "civilization," and what a token, and what a civilization!—stands grimly opposite; the air is full of soot and laden with the odour of vegetable refuse; either we are roasted in the slow heat, or, in momentary blasts of cold wind, numbed and frozen without being refreshed. One hurries there after the day's work is done, hoping to snatch a few minutes of artistic enjoyment, and we are generally disappointed by the footlighting tenor, the high C soprano, the low E bass, the intolerable chorus, the careless stage-management. The talk of the *foyer* is feverish, as if every one were anxious to say as much as possible in the time, and it affords no relief to the tired ear; the brilliant lights and the white or bright-coloured dresses afford no relief to the jaded eye; as act succeeds act one's energies are steadily pumped, and since the intervals afford no chance for recuperation, by the time the curtain has fallen for the last time one is thoroughly exhausted. To compare this opera and operatic life with the opera and operatic life of Bayreuth is to compare Purgatory with Paradise. Instead of standing in the heart of an overgrown and overcrowded city, Bayreuth lies in the heart of the open country. The town is only a large, healthy, breezy, sprawling village, accidentally dragged into fame or notoriety by the fact of Wagner having selected it for his Bühnenfestspielhaus; and the theatre is half a mile away from the town. It is poised high on a hill, with far-spreading green fields on either side, and behind it a black pine-forest, where the air is always still and rich and cool, and faintly—very faintly, almost imperceptibly—scented with resin. The opera is the central incident of each day's life there—not an afterthought, as it were, to the day's labours. All this reads very fine, but one might get tired even of Bayreuth. Thoreau could not always live in his once-ideal "Walden."

A writer in *Musical Opinion* recalls a capital story told by Sir John Stainer of Dr. Charles W. Corfe. The latter was organist of Christ Church, Oxford, when Sir Frederick Ouseley was at the University. Being a player of the good old type, he very rarely changed his stops while accompanying the Psalms. Ouseley got so accustomed to the one particular quality of tone that he called

it "Corfe mixture." Now Dr. Corfe always at the close of one service prepared his stops for the giving out of the chant at the next; moreover, he was fond of long walks, and made a point of rushing into the organ loft just in time to place his hands on the keys. The temptation to Ouseley was irresistible. Watching Corfe safely out of the cathedral one morning, he put in all the pre-arranged stops, and then drew on each manual the most horrible and startling combination he could think of. When evening service began, the young undergraduate stood behind a pillar to hear the effect. Sure enough, Corfe hurried in at the last moment, and placed his hands on the keys. Everybody in the church gave a start, *except Corfe himself*, who placidly held down the chord while he, one by one, put in the objectionable stops, and, gradually drawing his usual registers, reverted once more to the inevitable "Corfe mixture!" In an article on the time-worn theme of singing, that energetic gentleman, Mr. J. F. Rowbotham, deals with that greatest of all drawbacks to the young professional artist—nervousness. Teachers generally tell their pupils that experience, familiarity with audiences, etc., will act as antidotes to nervousness, and will effectually cure it. But this is not the case by any means, for many of the greatest concert and opera singers are still subject to the complaint after many years' familiarity with the public. Mr. Rowbotham's cure is physical exercise. Walking for those who cannot afford a horse, and riding for those who can, or indeed any other form of moderate physical exercise, such as gardening, tennis, etc., are invaluable, and should form as indispensable an adjunct to all systems of vocal training as scales and exercises themselves. Singers, says Mr. Rowbotham, should keep cool. But the trouble with some singers is that they *can't* keep cool. It is not everybody who can be as self-possessed as Mrs. Siddons, who took snuff at the "wings" between two tearing soliloquies in *Macbeth*.

The subject of *The Lute's* biography and portrait this month is Mr. Clifton Bingham, the well-known song-writer. Mr. Bingham, who is a Bristol man, began by writing short stories and serials, of which he has published some sixty or seventy. The first of his poems to attract particular attention was written in 1881, and entitled "Sweet and Twenty." This was speedily bought by Mr. Roeckel, but it was afterwards re-purchased by the author, who, in a re-setting, became for the nonce both poet and musician. Since that time Mr. Bingham has written about 1,500 songs, over 900 of which have been set to music and published. Mr. Cowen, Mr. Molloy, and Mr. Tosti, have all availed themselves largely of Mr. Bingham's lyrics. The one entitled "The Promise of Life," set by Mr. Cowen, is known to everybody. It was written, as we now learn, "straight off, without correction." Mr. Bingham resides in Hove, Brighton, where he may be seen almost any day mingling with the crowd. His view is, that you cannot depict in song the feelings and passions of the people unless you mix with them. Our contemporary is not quite satisfied with Sir Arthur Sullivan for having, in "The Lost Chord," set to music words which, "while they exhibit the minimum of rhyme have even less reason; being, indeed, a farrago of nonsense." How you can have less than the minimum is not quite apparent. But let that pass. Our friend does not leave us without some instances of Miss Adelaide Procter's (not Proctor's, dear *Lute*) absurdities. We are told that—(1) the epithet "noisy," as applied to the *keys* of an organ (in the first stanza) is inexcusable; (2) the declaration that *one chord* sounded like the *two syllables* of which the word "Amen" is composed is silly; and (3) the notion of "Death's bright aangel" speaking *in a chord* (unless the angel had two mouths, like Janus, or three, like Cerberus) is preposterous. Here is the new criticism with a vengeance: Macaulay and poor Robert Montgomery is nothing to it!

The *Orchestral Association Gazette* is anxious to uphold our fame in the matter of seaside orchestras. It is the fashion with some people to say that we are not a musical nation. In their favourite *role* of fault-finder they not infrequently fall into exaggeration, and it also occurs sometimes that their remarks are the outcome of comparisons which go only half way. The seaside orchestra, as our contemporary points out, may be classed among the subjects often dealt with in this way. A man goes to Ramsgate and finds no string orchestra on the esplanade. "Boulong" being accessible by cheap trip, he goes over there "for a blow," and finds something like a full orchestra with strings inside a Casino. He at once says: "What splendid orchestras they have in all these foreign towns, and what wretched ones we have at home!" It never seems to strike him that bands vary in number and quality abroad just as they do at home. We have counted a band of fifty at the Grand Casino at Trouville, and a band of eighteen at Havre. We have come across bands on the Continent of as few as six performers. Two places we could mention with no bands at all. With these resorts we think Bournemouth with its orchestra of thirty-two would compare somewhat favourably. We might throw in Llandudno with its two orchestras, and the list would not end if we added Eastbourne. For all that, it will be no great exaggeration to say that England is the only civilized country that would suffer such a state of unmusical chaos as exists in the great majority of seaside resorts. It has frequently been suggested that many of the so-called Hungarian bands playing here are really made up of disguised Englishmen. The *Gazette* has a little story which goes a long way to support the notion. Some time ago, we read, one of our acquaintances was engaged to play at a ball in Hungarian disguise, he being previously cautioned not to utter a word of English within earshot of the guests. During the evening a lady approached the band, and, addressing this "Hungarian," asked him what part of the Magyar country he came from. Being a Welshman, and thinking he would be on the safe side with his own language, he delivered himself of one of those terrible compound words all good Cambrians can put together so easily. The lady smiled affably, and retired apparently quite satisfied. The poet was right when he declared that things are not what they seem.

In the *Nonconformist Musical Journal* some very curious things are brought to light by a writer on the state of church music in England fifty years ago. We read of a church "in the most wealthy and fashionable part of all London," where the clergyman was obliged to put a stop to the singing in the middle of the Psalm "because it was so horribly bad that the congregation began to look at each other in wonder and disgust." At Oxford music seems to have been in a very bad state. At that time the city had a Cathedral and sixteen churches. At the Cathedral the choir was "miserably deficient and possibly the worst in England." At St. Giles' Church a barrel organ played a few Psalm tunes and some Gregorian chants and there was a "boisterous choir." At St. Peter-in-the-Barley the chants were accompanied by "a very hideous-toned seraphine, absolutely inferior to an accordion. The harmony produced was irresistibly ludicrous." Some clergymen tried hard, but in vain, to improve the church music. One wrote: "You can scarcely conceive the violence of the opposition, and the love that exists for the fiddle and clarionet, *et hoc genus omne*. The tradesmen and others who have formed the choir for chanting are 'cut' and the custom withdrawn from them, and other low artifices are used to turn them aside." Evidently the "boycott" was known long before that word was invented. Mr. Fountain Meen's article on the organ accompaniment of oratorios and kindred works will prove of some practical value to organists who are still without experience in this exacting department of their work. Mr. Meen rightly declaims against the attempt to get too much of the orchestra out of the organ. It is by no means wise to try in every case to imitate the instruments indicated in the score. There are, for instance, many passages given to the clarionet which would sound simply abominable if played on the

clarionet stop of the organ. On the other hand, flute passages as a rule come out well on the organ, and if the reeds are of good quality the oboe and trumpet stops give a fairly good imitation of the tone of these instruments. For the accompaniment of choruses, Mr. Meen suggests using only the eight and four feet stops of the great organ, avoiding the sixteen feet stops altogether except for broad and massive effects.

In the *Musical Times* Mr. F. G. Edwards has begun to foreshadow his book on the introduction of Sebastian Bach's organ music in England, by a series of articles on the subject. One interesting point discussed is the question of what John Christian Bach ("English Bach"), the eleventh son of the great composer, did for his father's music in this country. Mr. Edwards answers that he did nothing. This Bach lived in London from 1759 till his death in 1782. He was a well-known figure in musical and fashionable circles, and enjoyed all the prestige attendant upon his appointment of music-master to the Queen. In conjunction with C. F. Abel, the eminent viol-da-gamba player, he gave subscription concerts at the Hanover Square Rooms, which were "opened" by them on February 1, 1775. Here and elsewhere he had splendid opportunities of bringing forward his father's chamber music, if he had been so disposed. Samuel Wesley records that J. C. Bach called his father "the old wig." But whatever filial affection and respect he felt towards his illustrious parent, J. C. Bach failed to show it in any public performances of his father's music. The artistic creed of the English Bach may be summarised in his own words, said in relation to his brother, C. P. Emanuel Bach: "My brother lives in order to compose; I compose in order to live." The fact seems to be, in short, that J. C. Bach was a Bach only in name. In his life, his art, and in his religious belief, he cast off all the best traditions of his distinguished kinsman. He lived in great style in London, and kept his carriage; but he died in poverty and in debt, one of his creditors being his own coachman, from whom he had borrowed £100! He is buried in the churchyard of Old St. Pancras Church, in whose burial registers he figures as "John Christian Bach."—Mr. Joseph Bennett declares this month, with a becoming modesty, that he does not belong "to the noble army of book-skimmers." We wish he did not belong to the noble army of newspaper-skimmers. These specimens of the country reporter's musical criticism are getting positively tiresome.

The *Musical Herald* has a very interesting interview with Dr. Charles J. Frost, the eminent organist, who has just joined the ranks of the Benedicts. Dr. Frost is a successful man who deserves his success. When he was organist at Weston-super-Mare, he used to begin organ practice at 4 a.m., and get four hours of it before breakfast. Some people living near the church complained of the sound of his playing to the Vicar. The Vicar's reply was, "I should not like to stop him, and I must say he is a good example in early rising to all of us." This early rising helped Dr. Frost to his F.C.O. diploma in 1872, and in that respect, too, it makes an excellent example. A constant matter of discussion with some people is the supposed distinction between the sacred and the secular in organ music. Dr. Frost speaks sensibly on the subject. He says it is an absurd idea to suppose that only music which has been composed to sacred words is fit for organ use at divine service. There are many movements of the classics so religious in their tone as to be far more eligible to come under the classification of sacred than many compositions that have been set to sacred words. As illustrative of this, one has only to mention the Adagio from the *Sonata Pathétique*, and the several religious bits of real "church music" to be found among Chopin's Nocturnes. On this account Dr. Frost rightly thinks that an organist is perfectly justified in drawing for his voluntaries and recitals upon the large sphere of classical music outside the domain of that composed expressly for the organ. Commenting on a now famous libel case, the editor of the *Herald* doubts whether it was wise or necessary for Sir A. C. Mackenzie to prosecute the proprietor of *The Saturday*

Review. In his charity to Mr. Runciman, Mr. Curwen stands alone among the editors of our contemporaries, who, for the most part, exult with a kind of fiendish glee over the result of the *Saturday's* case.

Dr. Schuck, a great friend of Meyerbeer, relates the following anecdote in the *Neue Musikzeitung*: It is, he says, perhaps unknown that a woman's vengeance was the cause that one of Meyerbeer's operas is now never heard. One day in 1818 Meyerbeer told me that while the rehearsals for his new opera, *Romilda and Costanza*, were going on at Padua the prima donna made up her mind to marry him, if possible, before the first performance, although he had never given her cause to expect such a thing. The more pronounced she made her intention to him the more reserved he became toward her. He never suspected the bad effects this would have on the fate of his opera, especially as everything went on smoothly. The night of the first representation arrived. Notwithstanding the great heat of a June day, all Padua was present to hear the work of the young German composer. The curtain was raised, but, oh horrors! the artists began to sing

as if they could not stand their sufferings and fatigue. The trombone, trumpets, cymbals and drum completed the disorder. Everything went wrong; trumpets broke silence and began to sound in the middle of an aria; a trombone was heard, then a drum, and at last the cymbals, clashing in a terrible way. The audience, at first greatly amused, grew tired of this "charivari," and showed its disapproval in the usual fashion. Meyerbeer afterwards discovered that he owed this "fiasco" to the prima donna, who had influenced all the members of the opera to help her in this vengeance. As to the opera, it was completely lost; no manager would take up a work which had been so badly received in another town.

As a proof of endurance, the following may be quoted from an Italian journal. A certain M. Luigi Novara gained a gold medal at Turin in a long distance contest of mandolinists. He played his unhappy instrument for twenty-three hours and fifty-five minutes. The fourteen competitors—seven male and seven female—were allowed to eat and drink during the struggle. Three ladies held out for eighteen hours.



Organ and Choir.



The Temple Organ.

THE organ in the Temple Church has again been undergoing alteration and extensive renovation, this time at the hands of Messrs. Norman Brothers & Beard. The instrument, as most people are aware, is one of considerable interest historically. By an ordinance made in the year 1644, organs in churches and chapels had been commanded to be taken down; and during the sixteen years that elapsed between that date and that of the Restoration, 1660, most of the English organ builders had been dispersed and compelled to work as ordinary joiners, carpenters, etc., so that at the expiration of the time just mentioned, those previously engaged in that calling were either not surviving, had lost their expertness in their calling, or were otherwise incapacitated. Inducements were therefore held out to continental builders to settle in this country. Among those who responded to the invitation were a German, Bernard Schmidt, with his two nephews, and John Harris—who had taken refuge in France during the troublous times—and his son Renatus. Smith was at once engaged to build an organ for the Banqueting House at Whitehall, which led to his being extensively engaged in other directions. In 1672 John Harris died, and his son Renatus became a powerful rival to Smith.

Two Organs on Trial.

In the early part of 1683 Smith appears to have been consulted respecting the erection of an organ to be set up in a gallery at the west end of the square portion of the Temple Church; but Renatus Harris, who resided close by, at Wine Office Court, ingratiated himself with the Benchers, and obtained permission to erect an organ at the end of the church opposite that occupied by Smith's instrument. The organs were ready by May, 1684, and the testing of them alternately and competitively then began. The trial went on for a long time, and it was not until 1687 that the decision was given in favour of Smith's instrument. A peculiarity of the organ was that it had fourteen instead of twelve keys to the octave; that is to say, it possessed an A flat and a D sharp quite distinct from the notes G sharp and E flat. These quarter-tones, were produced by the ordinary G sharp and E flat keys being divided crossways in the middle; the back halves rising as much above the front portions as the latter did above the naturals. The manuals had black naturals and white short keys, but of course these have long ago given place to the ordinary keys. The Temple organ has been many times in the hands of the builders. Byfield added a \$well

about the middle of last century; Bishop rebuilt the whole instrument in 1843; later on Robson supplied a modern pedal-board; in 1879 Messrs. Foster & Andrews re-built the instrument and added to its stops; and now, as already said, the builder is again at work on it. What changes even Dr. Hopkins has seen!

Hackneyed Organ Pieces.

I am glad to see Dr. C. J. Frost protesting against the monotonous repetition of certain well-known names and stock pieces in the recital programmes of organists. More variety would certainly be welcome; but I am not quite sure that the needed change would best be secured by Dr. Frost's suggestion of paying more attention to English composers. English composers for the organ are, with a very few exceptions, as dull and uninteresting as possibly can be; and I think we can get along quite comfortably without the organ compositions of Sir A. C. Mackenzie, Professor Prout, Mr. Cowen, Mr. J. F. Barnett, and others, whom Dr. Frost would invite to take the pen in hand for the "delight" of English organists. When we have an English composer who can write for the organ up to the high-water mark of Guilmant's best work, there will be no complaint about his not getting a hearing. Meantime there are organists who, "on principle," eschew the French school entirely. To these Dr. Frost's advice should be recommended. In drawing up recital programmes, he says, variety should be the great thing sought for. This can be obtained by contrasting styles, and in getting different nationalities into one programme. If possible, no two pieces by one composer should appear, certainly not in juxtaposition. Dr. Frost, by the way, commends Mr. C. E. Stephens' Fantasia on "St. James" as "a fine recital piece." I am sorry to say I cannot agree with him: the Fantasia seems to me to be far too heavy for any recital audience.

Honouring the Hymn-writer.

A proposal has just been made to celebrate in a fitting fashion the connection of Trinity College, Dublin, with two of our best-known hymns. It appears that Toplady, the author of "Rock of Ages," graduated at Dublin in 1760, and Lyte, the author of "Abide with me," in 1814. Toplady was an Englishman, and Lyte was born in Scotland, but that is no reason why the Irish people should not memorialize them both. The suggestion is to place two stained-glass windows in the college chapel, the one to represent Faith clinging amid the surging billows to the cross, the other to represent Cleopas and his com-

panion with the unrecognised but risen Lord. "Rock of Ages" was at one time the most popular hymn in the English language, but I do not suppose it occupies that position now. As for "Abide with me," it has long since taken its place beside Ken's Evening Hymn, and indeed is perhaps more frequently sung than that very fine lyric. Lyte was for many years curate at Lower Brixham, in Devonshire, where, I believe, a grand-daughter of his is still living.

Salvation Army Music.

Scottish people might be supposed capable of tolerating anything in the way of "music," after the bagpipes. There is one thing, however, that they do not seem disposed to tolerate, and that is the Salvation Army band on Sundays. The magistrates of Aberdeen recently refused to allow the local band to play on the "Sawbath," and Bathgate commissioners followed the example a few days later. This is the proper course to take. The Salvation Army band is a public nuisance under any circumstances; it is doubly a nuisance on Sundays, when it may interfere with the music of the churches within hearing of its blatant cacophony. The "salvation" that we need most from General Booth is the salvation of our nerves.

As a way out of the difficulty of want of space in some churches, it has been recently suggested that we should go in more largely for the plan of placing the organ underground. The correspondent who draws attention to the matter says he had the privilege recently of examining the organ in Cork Cathedral. There the instrument is placed under the ground, in a large room excavated at the east end of the church, while the organist sits at a console near his choir. The arrangement, it is said, has proved successful in every way. From an economical point of view it must certainly be very much cheaper to dig a big hole (labourers' work) and cement it well out, than to build an organ-chamber in keeping with the architectural character of the church. And then the cost of an organ case would be saved besides. Still it is not likely that this plan will widely commend itself. It may do very well where no other is possible; but generally speaking organists will utter the prayer for their instruments

that they utter (or should utter) for themselves in another connection: "Save me from going down into the pit."

Which side should lead? A gentleman who has taken the pains to collect information on the matter gives the following results, which cannot fail to be interesting to organists and choirmasters. In 24 English cathedrals, namely in York, Bangor, Chester, Chichester, Exeter, Gloucester, Hereford, Lichfield, Lincoln, Llandaff, Manchester, Norwich, Oxford, Peterborough, Ripon, Rochester, St. Asaph, St. David's, St. Paul's, Salisbury, Westminster Abbey, Windsor Chapel, and Worcester, the Dean's seat is on the South, and Decani lead. In two, Durham and Ely, North, and Decani lead. In two, Wells and Winchester, South, but Cantoris lead. In two, Carlisle and Bristol, North, but Cantoris lead. Thus in 26 cathedrals Decani lead, in 4 only Cantoris. This seems conclusive as to the traditionally correct rule. And as regards parochial churches the rule is best kept by putting it thus: the leading side of the choir is that upon which the chief minister of the church—Dean, Rector, or Vicar—has his usual place. York, by recent adoption, and Oxford by tradition, divide each psalm-verse and chant between Decani and Cantoris at the point (or colon) and the double bar. The four Welsh cathedrals and Carlisle place the precentor himself on the same side with the Dean, but the opposite side is called Cantoris.

Dr. Creser has a high opinion of the functions of the church organist. Says he: "There is scarcely a function, be it of sorrow or joy, in which the organist has not some power to thrill the hearts of those who come within the scope of his environment. He may see the hearts of the people borne down with grief, whether personal or national, or raised to the highest pitch of joy and happiness. In such cases the organist is second only in importance to the minister of God to His people." One remembers what Byron said to Moore on a certain occasion: "Dash it [only it wasn't "dash it"], Tom, don't be poetical." All the same, it is a pity that there are not more organists like Dr. Creser who take an equally noble view of their vocation.

Selected Subjects.

MUSICIANS AND LONG HAIR.

A PROMINENT medical journal, published in Boston, calls attention to the fact that music has a wonderful influence on the growth of the hair.

Instrumental performers almost always retain their hair up to an advanced period of life. Players on the piano and violin have particularly good heads of hair, the best example of which is Paderewski. On the other hand, brass instruments have a fatal influence on the growth of the hair, notably the cornet, French horn, and trombone. So frequent has this baldness among members of regimental bands become that physicians have given it the name of "trumpet baldness." It is hardly possible to name a great pianist or violinist, who has ever appeared before an audience, who was bald. Some have possibly worn wigs, but this is not probable. The reason of the preservation of hair among these musicians is that letting the hair grow long has a strengthening effect; that while musicians spend many hours a day in practice, they rarely spend many hours of the night in long continued mental work, which is surer than anything else to take away the hair. Composers, who may be presumed to have plenty of night work, are bald in the same proportions as other people. The reason for baldness among players of brass instruments is hard to explain. Probably the intense congestion of their faces

when blowing on wind instruments affects their entire heads, and anything throwing blood to the head has a tendency to make the hair fall out. Of violinists and pianists with heavy heads of hair, D'Albert, Rubinstein, Joseffy, and many others may be mentioned; Von Bülow was an exception. But the exceptions are so few that the sight of a bald-headed violinist or pianist would excite surprise in any audience.

WAGNER'S PHYSIOGNOMY DESCRIBED.

Mons. Olivier, the French minister and *littérateur*, who married one of Liszt's daughters, has just written a romance in which occurs the following description of Wagner's physiognomy in 1840: "The upper part beautiful, with powerful realism, lit up by meditation; deep, intense eyes, which, as occasion served, could become soft or *malicieux*; the lower part rugged and sarcastic. A cold, close-pressed mouth was hollowed out between an imperious nose and a protruding chin, indicative of a conquering will. As in the face of Rossini the Olympian Jupiter and the Jack pudding could be discovered, so in the features of Wagner, the seer's look of the poet, the prophet and the jester. In fact, countless jests, often of very doubtful taste, interrupted every moment the enthusiastic, elevated, impetuous expressions of his flow of thought, to which, besides music, no serious subject was strange. Such was Wagner in the conversations of the Rue Thérèse, en-

chanting all, with the exception of the rather suspicious Berlioz, by his inexhaustible *verve*, his originality, and his spiritual insight. He was fond of discussing his as yet rather hazy theories of opera and music drama. Only one thing was clear to his mind and remained so always, namely, that he was the destined Messiah, who, by a supernatural synthesis, in which all previous glories would be absorbed, would close for ever the sphere of music."

A ROSSINI STORY.

The Rossini stories are plentiful, and for the most part good. Here is a new one. Adolphe Crémieux gave a sumptuous breakfast party in honour of Meyerbeer, to which entertainment he invited the leading musical critics and composers of that day, assembled in the French capital. Amongst Crémieux's guests was Rossini, who occupied a place of honour next to the wife of his host, but refused, one after another, all the dainties offered to him in succession. Madame Crémieux noticed his unwavering abstinence with equal surprise and regret, and presently asked him whether he was unwell, as he appeared to have suddenly lost an appetite which, as she had understood, was usually no less vigorous than lively. "That is true, my dear Madame," replied Rossini, "but I rarely eat breakfast, nor can I depart from that rule to-day, although, should anything go wrong with to-morrow night's representation, Meyerbeer will believe to the day of his death that my refusal to partake of this feast brought him bad luck. The position I now occupy at your table reminds me of an odd experience that befell me some years ago in a provincial town of Italy. A performance of the *Barber* was being given in my special honour in the local theatre. While the overture was in full swing, I noticed a huge trumpet in the orchestra, manifestly blown with remarkable force and continuity by a member of the band; but not a sound in the least akin to the tones invariably produced by that instrument could I hear. At the close of the performance I interviewed the conductor, and asked him to explain the purpose of the noiseless trumpet, which, I confessed, was an unusual orchestral addition. He answered: 'Maestro, in this town there is not a living soul who can play the trumpet; therefore I specially engaged an artist to hold one up to his lips, binding him by an oath not to blow into it, for it looks well to have a trumpet in an operatic orchestra.' I am like that man with the trumpet. I may not eat, but I look well at your breakfast table."

THE PRACTICAL INFLUENCE OF COMPOSERS.

A writer in the *New York Pianist and Organist* has rather an interesting article on the influence of the standard composers upon the progress of the piano student as regards technical execution and improvement in style. The harpsichord music of Bach and his contemporaries, he reminds us, is written in a style suited to that instrument, which had no sustaining power, and scarcely any capability for variety of expression. The music of this period is therefore excellent for giving independence to hands and fingers, and a crisp, clear, straightforwardness of style; but it cannot much develop touch and tone. Mozart is the first writer who has

a strong influence on modern piano playing. He has written the most tell-tale passages that exist, demanding careful study and correct fingering above all things. Beethoven does not show up slipshod playing so ruthlessly as Mozart; perhaps he rarely demands the same perfection of delicacy in the handling. He requires a harder head, stronger wrists and fingers, and a bolder style. Hummel is unjustly neglected, for his writings are calculated to give suppleness of finger and elegance of style. Schubert and Weber are romantic, and therefore develop the fancy and poetic instinct of the student. Weber requires the best pianist, Schubert the best musician. Mendelssohn demands great neatness of execution, and his *Lieder Ohne Worte* are invaluable for the study of touch and tone production. Chopin demands the most refined and delicate fancy, as well as an ultra-perfection of technique rarely attained. Only an advanced pianist can approach him with pleasure to hearers and profit to himself, and the same remark applies to Liszt. Schumann is very valuable on account of his happy combination of qualities and styles. A due admixture of the two extreme styles (which may be called the pianistic and the intellectual) is necessary to form the perfect artist.

HOW RICHTER REHEARSES.

Some of the pleasantest events in connection with Richter's visits to London are the occasions on which he attends and personally conducts choir rehearsals. The services of the Richter choir are required so seldom that they soon get out of working order, and need a superhuman amount of energy to pull them together again. Mr. Frautzen, Dr. Richter's *aide-de-camp*, does all the preliminary drilling before the arrival of the chief. When Richter comes, the first thing one notices about him is his dress. He is generally attired à l'Anglaise, but with a difference. A pale grey alpaca suit, a white waistcoat adorned with a red check and large red buttons, collar, and a light straw sailor hat—these are the colours most affected by the Doctor. After a little speech to the choir in his inimitable foreign English, he takes the *bâton* in hand. It need hardly be said that he never once looks at the score: his prodigious memory has for years been a thing of wonder. He conducts very easily, more as though he were idly toying with his weapon, than directing and controlling a large body of human beings. He sings a great deal himself, and looks the essence of geniality—till he hears a false note. Then down comes the *bâton* with a smart crack, his left hand is raised, and everything is instantaneously at a standstill. His careless appearance is most misleading to those who do not know him. Nothing ever escapes either the eyes or the ears of Hans Richter. His directions to the choir are always concise and clearly understandable, though often he gives them in an original manner. One of his methods of obtaining a sudden *diminuendo* is to hold up his hand and exclaim in a ghostly tone, "Wanish"; and immediately the sound does vanish. A text he continually preaches is what he calls "entoomsum." Over and over again he has been heard to remark that we do not need more music, but more enthusiasm; that, however, one soon gets if one has much to do with him: his own is most infectious.

Accidentals.

DR. TURPIN, speaking as an adjudicator, says there have been occasions when he wished to get away from a contest so quickly that he did not want to stay to give an account of himself. Once he had to walk two miles to the station, and his colleague said he "skidaddled" all the way. Again, he was abused in a Welsh paper for three months; but as he does not understand Welsh, it did not matter.

A bright American girl in Paris quotes Jean de Reszké as

saying that "as the bicycle is the poetry of motion, so song is the bicycle of music." If Jean saw some English girls on the bicycle, he would not talk of the poetry of motion.

Von Bülow divided all opera composers into two classes: those who add to the repertory of the barrel organ, and those who borrow from the same.

The late Madame Schumann's playing was nothing if not natural. Once when a favourite pupil threw up her hands after

some brilliant passage work, Madame Schumann reproved her, and said, "Did you ever see me do anything like that? Never repeat it."

Gabriel Fauré succeeds Dubois as organist of the Madeleine in Paris.

Mozart said that the most necessary and difficult and the most essential part of music is the *tempo*.

A new theatre at Peckham Rye will, it is said, be occasionally devoted to operatic performances.

Here is a story from an exchange. It is not necessarily true: "Pachmann was giving a recital at Weston-super-Mare a short while ago. He was recalled after a piece of Paderewski's, and in announcing to the audience the title of his encore piece, he said, 'Paderewski is de most modest artist dat I have never seen; I myself am de most unmodest artist except Hans von Bülow; he is more unmodest dan I am.'"

Dr. Arne, the composer of "Rule Britannia," was once called upon to judge between two very bad singers. After listening patiently, he said to one of the contestants, "You are the worst singer I ever heard in my life." The other thought he had won, and said so exultantly. "No," replied Arne; "you can't sing at all."

Li Hung Chang does not seem to like music—at least, European music. In Paris he is reported to have said, "Give me good words, but keep your music." Li is evidently a Wagnerian, whose musical education has been neglected.

Dr. Messchaert, the Dutch basso, is to appear at the Bach Festival at Queen's Hall. He has a remarkable voice, two octaves in compass, and his method of singing is said to resemble that of Lablache.

The Colonne Orchestra will give the first concert of a series at Queen's Hall on October 12. French music will be the chief feature, but M. Colonne has been asked to perform some works of Tchaikowsky, whose music is becoming popular in this country.

Herr Humperdinck, the fortunate composer of *Hänsel und Gretel*, has purchased the "Schlösschen" at Boppard on the Rhine, formerly the residence of the Prince of Waldeck. Composers formerly lived in the houses of princes, but they never bought them.

There is a tenor in the chorus of the Weimar theatre who has just celebrated his eightieth birthday, and who has sung there ever since 1855. Anton Lux is the name of the octogenarian vocalist.

A singular instance of generosity is recorded of an Italian librettist, who, having gained a prize of 1,000 lire for the best libretto of a one-act Italian opera, proceeded to invite all his unsuccessful rivals to a banquet. As there were 193 of them, there was probably not much of the prize money left after the bill had been paid.

In connection with the coming Schubert Exhibition at Vienna, it is announced that three unknown songs of the composer have been discovered in an album belonging to a Frau Mayrhofer, a grand-daughter of Schubert's friend and collaborator. The album in question will be shown at the exhibition.

Jean de Reszké is always about to be married, but a very authoritative assertion is made by the *Monde Artiste* that the ceremony is fixed for the early weeks of October. The same journal tells us that the eminent tenor means to retire from the stage in 1898.

At the recent examinations of the Paris Conservatoire, a young lady, on being informed that she had been awarded a "proxime accessit," placed her hands on her hips and blurted out, "You can keep your accessit." The jury of professors were stupefied, though good humour was restored when one of the boy students declared that the lady should get the first prize for cheek.

The Philharmonic Society's committee has passed a resolution forbidding encores next season.

Mr. Fuller Maitland says that a lover of music can get a better idea of what is going on all over Europe in London than in any other continental capital. He admits, however, that we are a little slow in making acquaintance with the French and Russian schools.

Sheffield has raised a guarantee fund of £4,300 for a musical festival to be held on October 13 and 14, when four concerts of standard works will be given under Mr. Manns.

The Midland Orchestral Union is about to be launched under the direction of Mr. William Lemare, the new conductor of the Nottingham Sacred Harmonic Society. It will be after the model of the Manchester Orchestra. At least three concerts will be given by the Union this season.

Sir A. C. Mackenzie in his action for libel against the *Saturday Review* was awarded £400 damages. The *Musical Herald*, commenting on the case, says public men should, as a rule, meet abuse in silence. But then silence does not put money in your purse.

Mr. Henschel has resolved to greatly enlarge his choir this season, and consequently to increase the number of his choral concerts in London.

There seems to be a run on Japanese operas. London has one at Daly's, and an opera on a Japanese story was produced recently in Germany. Mascagni, again, has written a Japanese opera for La Scala, to be produced next spring.

It is pleasant to be able to contradict the unfavourable statements made regarding the health of Paderewski. The eminent pianist has, it is true, been somewhat overdone with travelling and performing, but he is quite well, and has no intention of postponing or cancelling his engagements.

Miss Marie Brema will sing at the Crystal Palace Saturday Afternoon Concert on October 10. She has decided to remain in England until February, when she will sail for America.

Sarasate's tour commences on October 23, at Cambridge, and closes at Halifax on November 9. He will give four concerts a week. He will appear at the Crystal Palace on October 17, and give three recitals at St. James's Hall on November 2, 9, and 30. Dr. Otto Neitzel will be associated with him at the piano.

M. G. Jacobi, the conductor at the Alhambra, has been appointed Professor of Composition in ballet and light music at the Royal College.

The Emperor of Germany must be a hero. He has consented to 700 trombone players greeting him on the frontier of Westphalia on October 18.

A piano lesson and a cup of tea for sixpence! That is the latest in the way of advertisements.

Méhul gave all the treble part in his opera, *Uthal*, to the violas, and left out the violins altogether. At a performance of the work Gréty said he would give a *louis* to hear an E string.

Her Majesty has signified her wish that Lieutenant Dan Godfrey should retain his post as long as he feels fit for his duties.

Mr. W. Makepeace, the veteran lay clerk of Rochester Cathedral, is dead. He was formerly choirmaster and master of the Cathedral choristers, and his pupils included Mr. Joseph Maas and Dr. Bridge of Westminster Abbey.

Mr. Newman's autumn season of Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall has been such a success that the orchestra is now increased to 90 performers.

The late Lady Tennyson was an accomplished musician, and wrote the music for some of her husband's poems, including the patriotic verses "Hands all round." She also wrote the music for the anthem at the Laureate's funeral, subsequently published as "The Silent Voices."

"Professor Prout, says Bach, is dry only until you know him." So the printer punctuated it last month. We apologise to Professor Prout; Bach said nothing of the kind about the Professor. Strange, the power of a comma! There is a Scotch story of a pulpit intimation, in which "Captain So and So having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." This was read out with startling effect: "Captain So and So having gone to see his wife, desires, etc."

Mr. Henry J. Leslie, when manager of the Prince of Wales' Theatre, retained a doctor to attend to the vocal organs of the *Dorothy* opera chorus.

Madame Patti has received the royal command to go to Balmoral on the 10th.

Madame Patti has just given her annual concert in aid of the charities of South Wales. This year Cardiff was chosen for the first time as the place for the concert.

The Hampstead Conservatoire will in future be directed by a council, including Messrs. G. F. Geaussen, Ebenezer Prout, F. H. Cowen, Joseph Bennett, and George Henschel.



Notes and Reviews.



BY A MUSIC-SELLER.

IF this year's festivals are not producing any new works of great magnitude, they are, at least, providing opportunities for one or two musicians in the quieter walks of life to improve their reputations as composers. Two novelties obtained a hearing at the Worcester Festival last month, which were not only a credit to the city but to English musical art. One of these novelties, Mr. Edward Elgar's oratorio, *The Light of Life* (Novello), I have before me now. This work has not, in my opinion, received full justice in the notices which have already appeared of it. Mr. Elgar's music, although lacking neither in scholarship nor originality, is straightforward, agreeable and melodious—qualities which it is the fashion nowadays to decry. The lovely solos, which form a special feature of the oratorio, have been, for this reason, described as weak and uninteresting; and the tone of the critics generally towards the whole work has been one of mild toleration and lofty forbearance, rather than commendation and appreciation. For my part, I do not hesitate to say that *The Light of Life* is a beautiful work, and one which stamps its author as a musician of very superior rank. The choral writing is broad and massive, and presents many very fine effects. Particular mention may be made of the splendid climax to the chorus, "The wonders of their wise men," with its eight-part harmony, which is nothing less than a genuine inspiration. In the solo parts, Mr. Elgar has given us real vocal music of the best kind, such as is too seldom met with in modern compositions. What could be more truly expressive than the pathetic prayer for light offered by the blind man; or the eloquent passage for baritone voice, commencing with those gracious words, "I am the Good Shepherd"? Here are no harsh progressions, no striving after effect; all is natural, and yet so appropriate, so full of feeling. *The Light of Life* is not beyond the powers of an ordinary well-trained society, and I expect it will be heard frequently during the coming season. Of its favourable reception, whenever adequately performed, I am confidently assured.

Mr. Edward Elgar is a Worcester man, who has taken up his residence at Malvern. He is a clever orchestral player and conductor, and made his first contribution to the programme of the Three Choirs Festival in 1890 (not 1893 as has been stated) in the form of an Overture, entitled "Froissart." A cantata from his pen on the subject of "King Olaf," will be performed at the forthcoming North Staffordshire Festival. Mr. Elgar's family is a musical one, and I am glad to be able to include some of his relatives amongst the members of my own cloth.

If the advance in pianoforte playing is at all in proportion to the number of books published for the benefit of students of that instrument, there should soon be no dearth of highly accomplished performers. A new volume of "Technical Studies," by James Price (Weekes & Co.), certainly deserves to take a place amongst the many works of its kind already in use. The exercises are admirably calculated to develop independent action of the hands and fingers, by which, to quote the words of the Preface, "students may be enabled to overcome the almost insuperable difficulties of modern pianoforte music." The author has made no attempt to conceal his dose in the alluring spoonful of jam, but the "Studies," in some cases at least, are not altogether without interest. Mr. Price, moreover, justly claims for them the merit of demanding

the constant attention of the player, upon which good results so greatly depend.

The ubiquitous "bike" is not the only kind of cycle in vogue just now. The other day I came across a "Cycle of Stories" and a "Cycle of Verse" lying together on my bookseller's counter; now I find on my own table the latest thing of the kind, "A Cycle of Six Love Songs," the words by Edward Oxenford, and the music by Harry A. Thomson (Lyric Music Publishing Co.). It is refreshing to meet with a composer who has the courage to discard the flimsy, sentimental style which characterises "love songs" generally. The words of this cycle are, as the name of the author would lead us to expect, refined and clever, and they have stimulated the composer to put forth his best powers. Each song possesses merits that will appeal to the cultured vocalist. Nos. 1 and 2, "Love's Parting" and "The Year is Waning," appear in next month's music supplement, so that my readers can try them for themselves. Of the remaining four, "Can this be Love?" (No. 3) is perhaps the most striking and original, although in the way of popularity No. 4, "I Dream of the Song," will run it very closely. The connection between these "Love Songs" and the members of the Cathcart Lawn Tennis Club, to whom they are dedicated, is not very obvious, but the composer, no doubt, has his reasons for the inscription.

One of the most attractive songs I have added to my stock lately is Gerard Cobb's "Me Darlin'" (Weekes & Co.). Mr. Cobb has long ago taken his place amongst the foremost song writers of the day, and this clever Irish ditty, with its simple, arch melody, is not one whit below the high standard he has reached in former compositions. I must not omit to mention that the words, which are well worthy of the composer's setting, are from the pen of G. Hubi Newcombe. Another song which I can heartily recommend is Mary Carmichael's "Hey! Jolly Robin Hood," also published by Weekes. I know no more charming musician than Miss Carmichael, and in this song she has, if possible, excelled herself. She seems fairly to revel in the rollicking spirit of the words, and has written a melody the swing of which vividly recalls the style of the old English ballads. A tender little song, though not quite free from reminiscence, is "Schoolmates," by D. F. Wilson; and Alice Borton's "Thy gift to me" is effective and melodious. "Comfort us," by Walter Denham, is a really good sacred song, appropriately simple and admirably fitted for singing in the home circle. These three last-named songs are published by Edwin Ashdown (Limited).

As organ voluntaries, marches are always in great request, and the two compositions of this class sent to me by Messrs. Weekes & Co. will no doubt find favour with many organists. "Marche Militaire," by Orlando A. Mansfield, makes up in boldness what it lacks in originality, the coda being especially vigorous and spirited. "Orchestral March," by Fred. Gostelow, is a little more elaborate in style, and offers greater variety to the player. A good many amateurs will, probably, fight shy of the octave passages on the pedals, which, however, are far from being difficult.

A large quantity of pianoforte music must remain over for notice next month.



Sing On!

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

WALTER BARNETT

Allegretto.

VOICE.

PIANO.

dolce *ad lib.* *rall.*

Sing on, sweet bird from yonder trees, Thy voice so soft and

clear Is borne a far up on the breeze, To

many a weary ear Sing to my heart of

love and praise, Of that bright morn which soon shall dawn

col voce

Sing all thy hap.py lays, Sing sing on!

Sing all thy happy lays. Sing sing on! sing on! sing on!

cresc. *ff* *cresc.* *f* *ff* *dolce*

ad lib.
rall.

Sing on sweetbird I need thy song. To cheer me on my

way. The night of gloom is fierce and

long. And brief the golden day

Sing to me now of hap . py days. When doubt and sorrow shall be

col voce

gone. Sing all thy hap . py lays

Sing sing on! Sing all thy happy

lays — Sing, sing on! sing on! sing on!

cresc *f* *ff*



Old Mother Hubbard

HUMOROUS PART-SONG

WALTER BARNETT.

Allegretto.
mp

SOPRANO.
Old Mo-ther Hub-bard, she went to the Cup-board to get the poor dog a

Allegretto.
mp

ALTO.
Old Mo-ther Hub-bard, she went to the Cup-board to get the poor dog a

Allegretto.
mp

TENOR.
(8^{va} lower.)
Old Mo-ther Hub-bard, she went to the Cup-board to get the poor dog a

Allegretto.
mp

BASS.
Old Mo-ther Hub-bard, she went to the Cup-board to get the poor dog a

Allegretto.
mp

PIANO
(for practice only).
Old Mo-ther Hub-bard, she went to the Cup-board to get the poor dog a

bone. — But when she got there, the Cup-board was bare, and so the poor dog had none. —

bone. — But when she got there, the Cup-board was bare, and so the poor dog had none. —

bone. — But when she got there, the Cup-board was bare, and so the poor dog had none. —

bone. — But when she got there, the Cup-board was bare, and so the poor dog had none. —

had none.— had none,— none, none,

had none.— had none,— none, none,

with exaggerated expression
And so the poor dog had none.— And so the poor dog had none.— But when she got there, the

with exaggerated expression

none, none. And so the poor dog had none.—

none, none. And so the poor dog had none.—

Cupboard was bare And so the poor dog had none.— She went to the Ba-ker's to

And so the poor dog had none.— She went to the Ba-ker's to

mp Slower.

mp Slower.

p mp Some bread, she went to the Ba-ker's to buy him some bread, But when she came back, the

p mp Some bread, she went to the Ba-ker's to buy him some bread, But when she came back, the

buy him some bread, some bread, But when she came back, the

buy him some bread, some bread, But when she came back, the

cresc. quasi religioso

cresc. quasi religioso

cresc. quasi religioso

cresc. quasi religioso

cresc.

dog was dead, was dead, was dead, was dead! was

dog was dead, was dead, was dead, was dead! was

dog was dead, was dead, was dead, The poor dog was dead! The poor dog was

dog was dead, was dead, was dead!

dead!— dead! dead! dead! dead! The poor dog was dead.—

dead!— dead! dead! dead! dead! The poor dog was dead.—

dead!— But when she came back, the dog was dead! The poor dog was dead.—

The poor dog was dead.—

pp cresc.
A Coff-in, a Coff-in, a Coff-in.

pp cresc.
A Coff-in, a Coff-in, a Coff-in.

pp cresc.
A Coff-in, a Coff-in, a Coff-in.

mp pp cresc.
She went to the joiners to get him a Coff-in, a Coff-in, a Coff-in.

Poco Allegretto

But when she came back, he was danc - ing and laugh - ing. But when she came back, he was

But when, she came back, he was

But when she came back, he was

he was

Poco Allegretto.

laugh - ing. He was laugh - ing. He was laugh - ing.

laugh - ing. He was laugh - ing. He was laugh - ing.

laugh - ing. Ha ha ha ha! He was laugh - ing ha ha ha ha! He was laugh - ing, he was

laugh - ing.

Ha ha! Ha ha! Was danc - ing and laugh - ing.

Ha ha! Ha ha! Was danc - ing and laugh - ing.

laugh - ing. Ha ha! He was laugh - ing Ha ha! Was danc - ing and laugh - ing.

Was danc - ing and laugh - ing.

Chanson Rustique

PENSÉE

Introduction.
Moderato.

Allegretto semplice.

HENRY M. TURTON.

PIANO.

p con amore

mf

rall.

Animato.

p delicato

Gioso.

Allegretto semplice.

p con amore

mf

Scherzando.

First system of musical notation for Scherzando. The treble clef staff contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet marked with a '3'. The bass clef staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*. A slur with the number '8' is present over the treble staff.

Second system of musical notation for Scherzando. Continuation of the melody and accompaniment. Dynamics include *p*. A slur with the number '8' is present over the treble staff.

Third system of musical notation for Scherzando. Continuation of the melody and accompaniment. Dynamics include *p*. A slur with the number '8' is present over the treble staff.

Fourth system of musical notation for Scherzando. Continuation of the melody and accompaniment. Dynamics include *p*. A slur with the number '8' is present over the treble staff.

Animato.

Fifth system of musical notation for Animato. The treble clef staff features a more active melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass clef staff continues with harmonic support. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*.

Sixth system of musical notation for Animato. Continuation of the melody and accompaniment. Dynamics include *p*. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Gioso.

8

The first system of the musical score for 'Gioso.' is written in treble and bass staves. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#). The melody in the treble staff is marked with an '8' and a dashed line, indicating an octave. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system continues the 'Gioso.' piece. It features a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking in the middle. The treble staff continues the melodic line with various ornaments and slurs, while the bass staff maintains the accompaniment.

Allegretto semplice.

p con amore

The third system begins a new section titled 'Allegretto semplice.' The tempo and mood are indicated by the text '*p con amore*'. The music is written in the same key signature. The treble staff has a more active, rhythmic melody, and the bass staff has a steady accompaniment.

The fourth system of 'Allegretto semplice.' continues the melodic and harmonic development. It includes a 'mf' (mezzo-forte) dynamic marking. The bass staff features a series of notes marked with 'La' and asterisks, likely indicating a specific pitch or a sequence of notes.

The fifth system continues the 'Allegretto semplice.' section. It includes a 'dim.' (diminuendo) marking. The bass staff continues with the 'La' and asterisk sequence.

The sixth system concludes the 'Allegretto semplice.' section. It features a 'crescendo' marking in the middle and a 'pp' (pianissimo) dynamic marking towards the end. The treble staff has a final melodic flourish, and the bass staff ends with a series of notes marked with 'La' and asterisks.



Sunset Dreams Waltz



W. H. RENSHAW.

PIANO.









⇒ Gavotte ⇒

Tempo di Gavotte.

WALTER BARNETT.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of six systems of music. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The notation includes treble and bass staves with various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The score begins with a piano (p) dynamic and includes markings for *marcato*, *mf*, *p*, *mf*, *grazioso*, and *cresc.* The piece concludes with a final cadence in the bass staff.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass staff. The music is in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The bass staff includes the instruction *marcato* and a dynamic marking *p*.

Second system of musical notation. The bass staff includes the instruction *marcato* and a dynamic marking *p*. The treble staff includes the instruction *mf grazioso*.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff includes the instruction *cresc.* and a dynamic marking *f*.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff includes a dynamic marking *mf*.

Fifth system of musical notation. The bass staff includes a dynamic marking *p* and the treble staff includes a dynamic marking *mf*.

Sixth system of musical notation. The bass staff includes the instruction *marcato* and a dynamic marking *p*. The treble staff includes a dynamic marking *mf*.

Seventh system of musical notation. The treble staff includes the instruction *molto rall.* and a dynamic marking *mf*.



“Martha” von Flotow

Allegro non troppo. O! fürwahr das lass ich gelten

Violino.

Pianoforte

Allegro poco vivace. Hier die Buden, dort die Schenke

Handwritten musical score for piano and voice. The score consists of six systems of staves. Each system has a treble staff and a bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a cursive, handwritten style. The vocal line is written in the treble staff, and the piano accompaniment is written in the bass staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The text "Ich kann üben." is written above the vocal line in the second system. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Ich kann üben.

p

f

ff

Ad.

Ad.

Andante.

espressivo

p

mf

Allegro non troppo. Ach zu lustig, wie am Rädchen.

stringendo *fpp* *sempre pp.*

string. *f dimin.* *pp*

cresc.

cresc.



"Martha" von Flotow

VIOLIN

Allegro non troppo. O! fürwahr, das lass ich gelten.

ritard. - - *ff* *p* *a tempo*

Allegro poco vivace. Hier die Buden, dort die Schenke.

Ich kann nähen etc. *ff*

VIOLINO.

Andante.

espressivo

mf

stringendo

Allegro non troppo. Ach zu lustig, wie am Rädchen.

fpp *sempre pp*

cresc.

f

Allegro moderato.

f

Pfte.

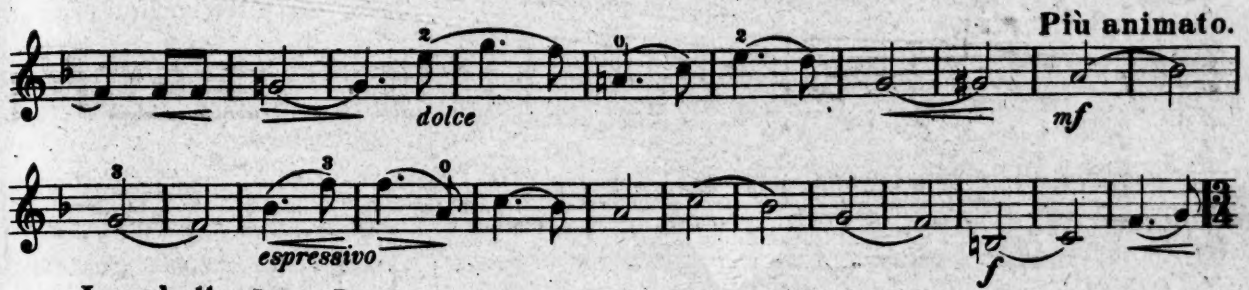
poco ritard. Viol.

Allegro moderato. Ach so fromm, ach so

traut.

espressivo

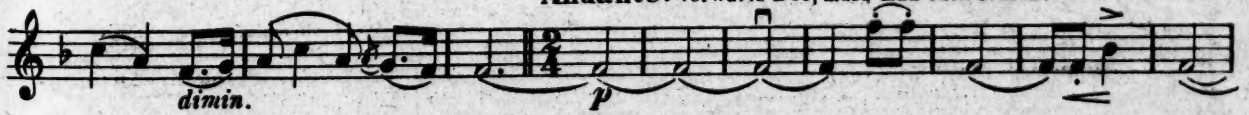
VIOLINO.



Larghetto. Letzte Rose.



Andante. Vorwärts Bob, muss man euch ziehen.



Più animato.



f scherzando



Vivace.



VIOLINO.

Allegretto. Wohlgemuth, junges Blut.

Allegretto. Wohlgemuth, junges Blut.

pizz.
3 p f

arco
1 2 p p f

Allegro non troppo
f p f p scherzando

Jägerin, schlaun im Sinn.

cresc. - - f

rit. a tempo
p leggiero f

4ta corda
Larghetto. Mag der Himmel euch vergeben

mf espressivo

cresc. - - f = p

cresc. - - f

ff rit. animato fz

ff

The first system of musical notation consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a series of eighth notes, followed by a half note and a quarter note. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

The second system of musical notation continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line has a melodic contour with some grace notes. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note texture in the right hand. The word *dolce* is written below the piano part.

The third system of musical notation shows a change in tempo and dynamics. The tempo marking *Più animato.* appears above the vocal staff. The piano part has a dynamic marking of *f* and the instruction *appassionato*. A first ending bracket labeled '1' is present in the piano accompaniment.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece. The piano part has a dynamic marking of *mf* and the instruction *espressivo*. The vocal line has a melodic line with some grace notes.

The fifth system of musical notation is the final system on the page. The piano part has a dynamic marking of *f* and the instruction *p*. The vocal line has a melodic line with some grace notes.

Larghetto. Letzte Rose.

First system of the 'Larghetto. Letzte Rose.' section. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a 'dolce' marking and a 'pp' dynamic. The piano accompaniment starts with a 'p' dynamic. The key signature has one flat, and the time signature is 3/4.

Second system of the 'Larghetto. Letzte Rose.' section. The vocal line includes markings for 'mf', 'lento', 'a tempo', and 'p dolce'. The piano accompaniment includes markings for 'mf' and 'p'. The system concludes with a triplet in the vocal line.

Third system of the 'Larghetto. Letzte Rose.' section. The vocal line ends with a 'dimin.' marking. The piano accompaniment features a 'f' dynamic and also ends with a 'dimin.' marking. The system concludes with a triplet in the piano part.

Andante. Vorwärts Bob, muss man euch ziehen!

First system of the 'Andante. Vorwärts Bob, muss man euch ziehen!' section. The vocal line begins with a 'p' dynamic. The piano accompaniment starts with a 'p' dynamic. The key signature has one flat, and the time signature is 2/4.

Second system of the 'Andante. Vorwärts Bob, muss man euch ziehen!' section. The vocal line continues with a 'p' dynamic. The piano accompaniment features a 'p' dynamic. The system concludes with a triplet in the vocal line.

Più animato.

p scherzando

f scherzando

Vivace.

f ff

Allegretto. Wohlgemuth, junges Blut.

f p

f p

Violin part: *pizz* *f* *f* *f* *f* *arco* *p*

Piano part: *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *f* *p*

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is written in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one sharp. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Allegro non troppo

p scherzando

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled "Allegro non troppo". The score is written for a single melodic line (likely violin or flute) and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked "Allegro non troppo". The piano part is marked *p* (piano) and *scherzando* (playfully). The score is in 2/4 time and features a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melodic line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The score is written on two staves. The first staff contains the melodic line, and the second staff contains the piano accompaniment. The tempo marking "Allegro non troppo" is written above the first staff. The dynamic marking *p* (piano) is written below the first staff. The marking *scherzando* (playfully) is written below the second staff. The score is written in a clear, legible hand.

Jägerin, schlau im Sinn.

A musical score for a song. The title 'Jägerin, schlau im Sinn.' is written above the first staff. The score consists of three staves: a vocal line (soprano) and two piano accompaniment staves (treble and bass). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and single notes, with some measures containing triplets. The score is written in a historical style with some decorative flourishes.

A musical score for a piano piece titled "The Rose Tree". The score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 2/4 time. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The piece begins with a treble staff and a bass staff. The Treble staff has a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and the Bass staff has a simple accompaniment of eighth notes. The piece ends with a final chord in the Treble staff and a final note in the Bass staff. The score includes dynamic markings: *cresc.* (crescendo) and *f* (forte). The piece is marked *rit.* (ritardando) at the end. The title "The Rose Tree" is written in a decorative font at the top right of the page.

a tempo
p leggiero a tempo
p

f *fz*

Larghetto. Mag der Himmel euch vergeben.
mf *dimin.* *p* *espressivo*

cresc. *f* *p* *cresc.*

Handwritten musical score on five systems. The notation includes treble and bass staves with various musical symbols, including notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The score is written in a historical style, likely from the 18th or 19th century.

Key markings and annotations include:

- error.* (top right)
- cresc.* (second system, right)
- ritard.* (multiple instances, including ** Rit.*)
- animato* (multiple instances)
- trem.* (multiple instances)
- ff* (multiple instances)
- ff>* (multiple instances)